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JANUARY 1945

The American Mercury

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA

Lin Yutang

MEMORANDUM ON ANTI-SEMITISM

Philip Wylie

WHY ENGLAND IS WOOING RUSSIA

Andre Visson

THE ASTROLOGY RACKET

Adolph E. Meyer

EAMON DEVALERA

By Francis Hackett

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(Continued on page 122)

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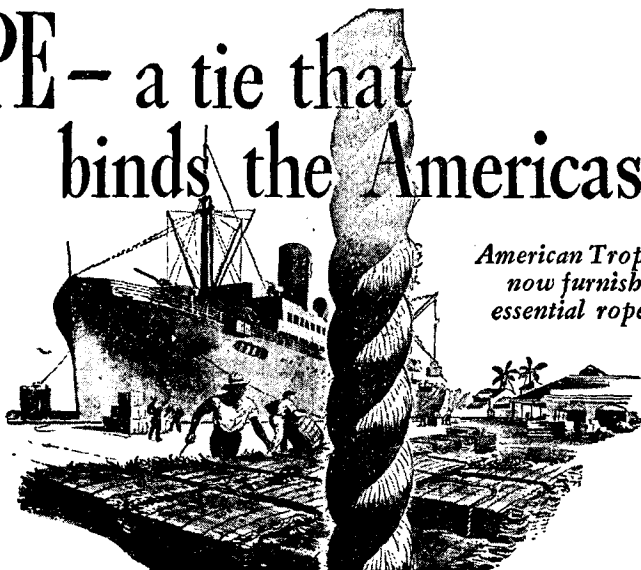
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THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA

BY LIN YUTANG

THE question of China's undeclared civil war should either be ignored by the outside public as something too complicated for outsiders to understand, or it should be treated with the thoroughness and sincerity which it deserves. In view of the importance of the subject, it is my opinion that the American people are fully entitled to hear the facts about the history and origin of the conflicts. The Chinese Government does not wish to tell the story for the sake of face and appearance, and the Chinese Communists do not want to tell the story because it makes ghastly reading of their record in this war. Thus a complete black-out

on the six-year-old civil war is established. But obviously, without knowing the character and extent of this civil war, there can be no intelligent discussion of its solution, no understanding of the struggle ahead for China.

So far, the public abroad has had a decidedly one-sided picture. American commentators talk as if, first, the Chinese Government were deliberately discriminating against the Red Army and were seeking a civil war for the pleasure of it; second, as if the Chinese Government were not fully determined to avoid a civil war and solve the Communist question by political means; third, as if the government

LIN YUTANG, who returned from his most recent trip to China six months ago, is best known for his influence in creating an interest in Chinese literature in the rest of the world. He has been a teacher, dean of Peking Women's University and editor of various literary magazines. His books include *My Country and My People*, *The Importance of Living*, *With Love and Irony* and *Between Tears and Laughter*. This article is adapted from a chapter of *Vigil of a Nation*, to be published by John Day in January.

ought now to give the Red Army supplies with which to fight its own National Army; and fourth, as if help given to Chungking would be used in fighting the Communists rather than Japan. These are untrue assumptions unworthy of a great ally.

These pro-Communist charges against Chungking have been rather fulsomely repeated in America, and the other side has regarded the story as a domestic issue. The result is only confusion. The government has strictly censored anti-Communist news both at home and abroad. Rightly, it does not wish to present a picture of disunity. But one must either ignore the Communist question, or stand above both parties and hear both sides.

Not long ago, when the National Army was surrounded and outnumbered by the Japanese on three sides and surrounded by the Communists on the fourth side in the Taihang Mountains, the result was the unprecedented capture of two high generals. The Communists united with the Japanese in destroying the Twenty-seventh Army of the National forces and ambushed and wiped them out at three places. After several such clashes had taken place, a government official told the facts to a foreign correspondent, but *the story was then banned by the Kuomintang censors themselves*. I was in New York then, and I could not understand the capture of these two famous generals, until I went to Chungking and heard the full story.

The history of this fratricidal conflict constitutes the most inglorious chapter of the China war, and I have no desire to let the Japanese gloat over it. Unfortunately, the Japanese already know the full story and have been known to "celebrate" frictions between Central and Communist troops. It is doing nobody any good to minimize this civil war and call it occasional "clashes" when battles lasted as long as fifteen days, troops involved at one time numbered 40,000 men, when systematic and organized campaigns were carried on for years from one province to another, and when they involved successive attacks on three provincial government offices, the hounding out of the provinces of two governors and the capture of a third. Nobody's interests are served by glamorizing the Chinese Communists or by underestimating them. Following their aggressive tactics of expansion, against which the Central troops are powerless unless Chiang orders an open war, the Chinese Communists will control half of China if the Japanese succeed in cutting China in half and if another year elapses before they are driven out.

II

The facts themselves are sufficiently clear. The Chinese Communists have now established themselves, though incompletely, in five or six provinces of the occupied areas. As these areas were in the enemy rear, the Central control was incomplete and they were ideal ground for roving bands. But from the very beginning, there were

istrations and military commanders with guerrillas and regular troops, responsible for carrying on operations against the Japanese in Hopei, Shantung, Kiangsu and Anhwei.

Naturally, in their plan to seize control of these areas not assigned to them, the Communists found it necessary to eliminate the Central troops and the People's Armies (both Chiang's forces), and to attack Kuomintang agencies and Kuomintang-appointed county magistrates and governments. Granted that the Communists thought it their patriotic duty to take over the entire occupied areas, they could have done nothing else. In this war of penetration, they had every advantage. The Central troops, not being ready for open war, could not plan concerted large-scale campaigns against the Communists, while the latter could and did do so. Time and again, they were overwhelmed by surprise attacks with converging powerful forces. Arresting county magistrates and surrounding small local self-defense units were easy for the well-organized Communist Army. The main advantage of the Communist Army is that of a determined aggressor against a defender who has not made up his mind for defense. A further important incentive was the fact that it was much easier to capture rifles and ammunition from their Chinese brothers than from the enemy. After every victory, the Communists became stronger by so many rifles. Everywhere they went, their first job was to capture rifles and

ammunition from the *minchün* and the *paoantui* and collect grains and cash. And the Central troops had the further disadvantage of being far separated from their bases.

The plain fact, then, is that the Central troops have not gone into Communist areas to attack them, but the Communists have come out to attack other Chinese units in occupied areas in the name of fighting the Japanese. The Communists openly admit now they have run all over Shantung, Hopei, Kiangsu, Anhwei, and even Hupeh, and are a little proud of their victories and their growing strength. But they have not captured these territories from the Japanese but from other Chinese by bloody battles. From the very beginning, the process of penetration and expansion was characterized by armed and underground conflicts with other Chinese soldiers, and by extremely subtle and able tactics of boring from within. In no instance have the Communists been able to capture territories which the Japanese intended to hold. As they have not yet been able to establish perfect control over the occupied areas, where Central military and civil organizations are still operating today, the result is a continued futile and disheartening fratricide, while the Japanese have been able to get all they want in manpower and resources.

When, for instance, the Japanese attacked Wutai Mountain, the Communist base in Shansi, in 1940, the Communists, following their tactics of

fighting only when having preponderant numbers, abandoned the base. But when the Central troops under the Second War Area Command decided that Wutai was to be the base for the New 2nd Division, General Chu Teh flew back with his Communist forces to wrest control of the area. When the New 2nd Division was on its way to Wutai, it was subjected to hit-and-run attacks by the Communists at Taliushu, at Shouyang *hsien*, and at Tsao-chiachun on the Chengtai highway, where a battle was fought for two days, and was again ambushed at Shunan by a force of over 800. After staging such harassing attacks on the way, from which the Communists greatly profited in terms of scores of mules and much valuable ammunition, they finally made the main attack on the New 2nd Division at Yushuhsien. By that time, the New 2nd Division had already exhausted its supplies, and was doomed. Naturally many Chinese officers and soldiers were killed. The 130,000 dollars that its commander Chin Hsien-chang was carrying for his troops were taken as part of the Communist "booty." Two companies escorting the mules were massacred, and only one cook and one muleteer escaped. It is hard to understand how such destruction of Chinese manpower was to help in the war against Japan, by the weirdest stretch of materialistic dialectic. Multiply these cases by the thousands, and we can understand why there is no unity in the guerrilla warfare against Japan.

In Shantung, over 35,000 troops of the Communist forces joined in an attack on the government commissioner's headquarters in the Seventh District. Over 5,000 Communist troops under Peng Mingchih attacked the Seventh Brigade of the *paoan* *tui* near Shuhsien and Szeyang. While the Japanese were attacking Chihsia, the 5th column (*chihtui*) of the Communist Eighteenth Army Corps took the opportunity to attack the Central 27th Brigade and the county government at Chaoyuan. This is but a sample of what happened on a larger scale later in the overpowering attack on Central Commander Chin Chi-yung in Shantung in 1943. They had as much interest in wiping out the Central Chinese troops as the Japanese. When the Japanese retreated, the area would be theirs. The same pattern in Shansi. The same pattern in Hopei, Honan, Anhwei, Kiangsu. The motive behind such a pattern alone can account for the large-scale civil war. In spite of everything the Communists to date have not obtained complete control of these provinces, but have made enough trouble for the Central guerrillas not to be able to concentrate their energy on Japan. Neither the Communist guerrillas nor the Central guerrillas are fighting there for more than mere survival.

After the comparative success in southern Shantung, the next slice of territory to be pocketed was northern Kiangsu. According to captured documents, of which many were found after the defeat of the Communist

New Fourth Army, the plan for the attack on northern Kiangsu was formulated at Peih sien early in 1940. The minutes of the conference of political and military workers read thus:

1. A report was made that our (Communist) Party is determined to exert its best to capture political power in northern Kiangsu. This is to be divided into three stages, carried out in three periods. In three months, we shall be able to gain control of northern Kiangsu and the coastal region. The first period ends at Mid-Autumn Festival. The second period ends on October 10. The third period ends on New Year's Day, 1941.
2. The first stage consists in creating unrest in the region and uniting the small local bands into larger units. Through local unrest, we can go forward with our regional work, start opposition to the government, and store up grain and accumulate cash by taxation.
3. The second stage is that of sudden attacks. In this period, we are to concentrate strong forces, selecting the lightly-defended areas of the Central troops as our targets. We shall also disarm independent units and secure the ammunition of political agencies.
4. The third period is the period of encirclement and *coup d'état*. We shall occupy the whole of northern Kiangsu with all forces at our command.

III

The total impression in reviewing the facts of the civil war is somewhat dismal, all the more so because such internecine war could and should have been avoided. The civil war has now lasted six years and covered seven provinces, developing to the size of the Taiping Rebellion. The Communist expansion they are now boasting

about has not been a peaceful expansion, but one achieved by "bloodshed" and "armed struggle" against the Chinese, in the exact words of Mao Tsetung, the Communist Party boss. The Communist statistics must be read afresh. For every Japanese they claim to have killed, they have killed at least five Chinese. For every town they captured from the Japanese, they have captured fifty towns from other Chinese. Of the hundreds of "clashes" per year they claim to their credit, a large percentage must include those with the Chinese "enemy." While I take pride in the fact that they have captured ammunition from the Japanese, I am aware that half of their weapons have been robbed from other Chinese guerrillas and regular units. Against their claim to have held down 350,000 Japanese troops and 200,000 puppet troops in the occupied areas, must be counted the fact that they have held down half a million Chinese soldiers holding down the same Japanese and their puppets in the same areas. Alongside their vociferous criticisms of the absence of free press in Chungking and their energetic demand for national unity, why do the Chinese Communists and their American fellow travelers not give us some idea of the free press in Yen an and the facts of this civil war as they see it? Why do they prefer to present the "blockade" as an unaccountable mystery? Incidentally, neither Edgar Snow nor Mme. Sun Yat-sen nor the most rabid pro-Communists deny that there is no freedom

of thought or freedom of the press in Yenan, that it is a totalitarian régime with the smoothest regimentation of ideas, comparable to that of Soviet Russia. The facts must first of all be correctly stated; whether one likes them or not is a matter of opinion.

This explains why the Communists did not derail a single train when for a month they saw Japanese troops pouring down the Peiping-Hankow railway to destroy the Central troops in Honan through at least four hundred miles of their famed guerrilla territory. The truth is bitter, but the Americans must hear it. Naturally the Communists would fear nothing more than five hundred airplanes and three tank divisions for the Chungking forces. By the logic of their circumstances, they must combat it. Whether in this they are acting as patriots, however, is another question. The Communists have merely drifted into a position where they must discredit Chungking and, in discrediting Chungking, discredit China as a whole.

IV

The paramount question for China is national unity. Who sins against unity in time of war sins against the nation as a whole. The problem of China's unity means exclusively the problem of the Chinese Communist Party. Without the problem of the Chinese Communists, there is no problem of unity at all, since even the most backward provinces are not under suspicion of planning an open revolt

against the government. I may specifically mention the Kwangsi Generals Li and Pai, the Shansi General Yen Hsishan, and the "Christian General" Feng Yuhsiang, all of whom have fought repeated campaigns against Chiang Kai-shek, but all of whom have had the sense to forget old quarrels in time of war and national invasion. The Kwangsi generals threw in their entire resources and Kwangsi soldiery into the forefront of the battle in Shanghai without a thought of building up their own armed power for future control of portions of China. General Li Tsungjen has been serving on the Hupeh front now, and on every other front in the beginning of the war, for these last seven years, though one seldom sees his name in the papers. General Hsu Yungchang of the Shansi army, who steadily fought against Chiang in past campaigns, has been quietly directing campaign strategy at the Chungking Supreme Command all these years, and enjoying the complete trust of the Generalissimo. The Szechuen "warlords" have been fighting in Hunan, or directing the administration and development of Sikang. No possible disunity can arise from the generals or "warlords," and no one suggests it. No one suggests or even dreams of revolts from Yunnan, Szechuen, or Sinkiang. This fact alone, the unselfish devotion of all generals and all factions, but the Communists, to the cause of the nation above the cause of private expansion, has made it possible for China to fight Japan. The issue of the civil conflict has

been curiously confused with the question of the constitutional development of China. Actually, the cause was a military one — the Chinese Communist Army broke its pledge of September 1937 to take orders from the Chinese High Command and proceeded with the organization, disposition and movements of its troops in defiance of the Chinese War Department. The Chinese Communist Party should either have refused to sign the pledge to place its army under the direction of the High Command, giving as its reason the fact that there was yet no constitutional government in China; or it should have made the pledge and kept it. It should not have made the pledge, knowing the facts, and then suddenly discovered seven years later that there was no constitutional government in China and that therefore it was justified in keeping a separate army to back up its party claims. If that were a legitimate cause for revolt, all China's generals would be entitled to the same right, and China might as well not have started the war against Japan at all. The delay in constitutional development is historically unconnected with the Communist revolt. The cause of the Communist revolt was the opportunity the Chinese Communists saw in the war against Japan to expand their territory.

I have in all my previous writings taken a sympathetic view of the Chinese Communist Army, though not of the Communist ideology; but I cannot condemn too strongly their fratricide even before the war is fin-

ished. It seems to me that, at the worst, they should have set up an independent kingdom administratively, but fought as allies in military operations. Such is the normal feeling of a common citizen when his country is at war. This they have not done. It seems to me armed clashes with the national army, in time of war, would be called treason in any modern country, and such leaders would be relieved of their posts in short order and court-martialed. I do not think the people of Soviet Russia would stand for a cocky, benighted general who preferred in infinite love of his fatherland to clash constantly with the Red Army, defy Moscow's orders, and call the Ukraine his own, even though he might on occasion be fighting the Germans.

And I do not think Americans, in time of war, would stand for an army, of whatever color or creed, which moved freely from Wyoming to California, clashed with other American Army units stationed there, attacked Federal officers and employees and ended up by collecting its own taxes and printing its own currency. As far as the people of China are concerned, their feeling is not very much different from that which American and Russian people would have in similar circumstances.

I have been compelled to tell the full story of this Communist trouble, because it is affecting American supplies to China and the international position of China after the war. I wish I could say that there were no "Chi-

nese Communists," that they had co-operated splendidly and unselfishly in the war, and that the whole problem was unimportant, as some Chinese propagandists try to suggest. I am afraid that refusal to face the truth of the conflict may yet cause endless troubles in the years to come.

V

All the Communist charges are directed solely for the consumption of the outside public. They are distinct from other criticisms of government failures, like internal corruption and incompetence, inflation and absence of a free press, etc. The three charges — first, that American supplies would be used for fighting the Communists and not fighting Japan; second, that the Chinese Government is trying to start a civil war instead of trying to avoid it with the greatest patience; and third, that ex-War Minister Ho and ex-Education Minister Chen, noted for their anti-Communist stand, are pro-Japan — are so ridiculous that the Chinese public never hears of them, except as cabled back from American papers. As a Chinese, reading both English and Chinese papers, and talking with the Chinese people, I can remember my astonishment when I first found charges in the American press (which had never been heard of in China), to the effect that General Ho was pro-Japanese.

The past record of the Chinese Communists exhibits sufficient astuteness in propaganda and unscrupulous-

ness of method to warrant the assumption that, after the war, they will adopt whatever tactics and put on whatever front they may deem necessary to achieve political power in China and accomplish their final, unchangeable objective. Their unscrupulousness in creating ruthless internecine warfare even when the enemy is still on Chinese soil is matched only by their slickness in championing China's national unity abroad. And while they do not even pretend there is freedom of the press or of thought or individual rights in Yen-an and have established the most rigorous party dictatorship, they have succeeded in making themselves out as steady champions of freedom of the press and constitutional democracy in Chungking. We may therefore expect that, in the postwar period, they will not only put on a democratic front, but even a pro-capitalist front, as the American Communists are doing, in order to achieve political power. And because I have great respect for Mao Tsetung's political genius, I believe he will abandon violence and seek a legal position by "constitutional" means, planning to end up as China's Reichs-Chancellor.

The greatest harm the Americans can do themselves is to believe or to underestimate the Chinese Communists. A whole nation can misread history being enacted before its eyes, until it is one day rudely shaken by events. I suggest that the forces at work today in China have something to do with China's international alignment in the next world war.

POISON FROM EUROPE

BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

DOWN in Argentina, behind the smoke screen of diplomatic double-talk, one of the most sinister figures of the Western Hemisphere is at work. His name is Fritz Mandl.

He was a munitions maker in Austria; now he is the central figure in Argentina's new armament program. He is Menace No. 1 to the peace of the Americas. Vain, loquacious, friend of royalty yet black-balled by Buenos Aires' exclusive Jockey Club, Fritz Mandl presents many contradictions but only one conclusion: he is poison from Europe.

His contradictions are extraordinary. He volubly insists at times that he is a friend of the Allies, yet he boasted publicly after Dunkirk of his excellent relationship with the Nazis. He calls himself a refugee from the Gestapo, but all Buenos Aires saw him bring a Nazi official from Germany to help him set up a munitions plant in Argentina.

Right now he is paying stranded Austrian princes pensions of 1500 pesos a month. His influential friends

are accustomed to receiving long, affectionate messages from him. Yet he has been known to discharge 600 faithful employes without warning. Before he was thirty, his father had given him the management of the family munitions plant in Vienna, the great Hirtenberger Works. He recently refused to have a public funeral for his father, because the services would have been apt to call attention to the fact that the Mandls are Jews.

Only where money and munitions are concerned are there no doubts about Fritz Mandl.

He was born rich in 1900. The Hirtenberger Works, founded in 1852, suckled him. European wars fattened him. At the height of the Spanish Civil War Franco was in his debt. Il Duce decorated him for help to Italy in the Abyssinian war.

Armaments have netted him over sixty million dollars during his lifetime. As a result of this harvest, weapons of destruction have always fascinated him. He goes into raptures

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over the merits of new land mines which tear off the feet of advancing soldiers. Cartridges, bombs and shells are irresistible to him.

He understands the merchandise of murder and cannot let it alone. It has never been a matter of patriotically strengthening his fatherland. Fritz Mandl has sold wherever money was to be made.

When, six years ago, he first came to live in Argentina he invested conventionally in cattle ranches, mines and a rice plantation. But soon he had subordinated all his other holdings to the business of making munitions. Today, he is the moving force behind Argentina's armament program, the ally and confidant of its rulers.

"I can make all the arms Argentina needs," he boasted to the military leaders of the June 1943 revolution. "You do not need the Allies."

II

Fritz Mandl needed Argentina as much as Argentina needed Fritz Mandl. It was love at first sight. According to Mandl himself he is only a poor refugee. "I have always followed one direction exclusively," he says, "that of an Austrian patriot. Because of it I have lost my country and the greater part of my fortune."

However, the record shows that when danger first began threatening Austria, in 1937, the patriot planned at once to abandon his country. When the Nazis marched into Vienna, he was running the Hirtenberger

Works from a villa on the French Riviera. His factory executives, whom he did not warn, were put in concentration camps by the invaders. He went scot free.

Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Fascist whom Mandl had backed and armed, enlisted in the French Air Force, followed De Gaulle to London and fought until tropical fever forced him to the ground. Fritz Mandl, however, did nothing of the sort. He went to Buenos Aires.

The record of the losses he sustained at the hands of the Nazis is similarly dubious. As early as 1927 he armed Starhemberg's Austrian Home Guard by a stratagem. He sold ammunition to Mussolini for the conquest of Ethiopia. By agreement, the Italian Government was overcharged 30 per cent. With this money Mandl bought arms in Italy and smuggled them back through Hungary into Austria. Il Duce thus was trying secretly to balk German expansion. For Mandl's services the Italian Government made him a Gran Ufficiale della Corona d'Italia. The Hirtenberger Works got all the ammunition orders.

When Hitler's invasion of Austria was in the making, Mandl was thus already on record as having backed the Austrian Fascists, not the Nazis. Fearing this would not meet with Hitler's approval, Mandl made a secret visit to Austrian Foreign Minister Schmidt, before the German entrance into Vienna, and departed again for Zurich with a personal fortune of 22,000,000 Swiss francs and all the ready cash of

the Hirtenberger Works — 15,000,000 more.

To take money out of Austria was a criminal offense. One of the first acts of the invading Nazis in 1938, therefore, was to confiscate the Mandl estates for “high treachery” and seize the Hirtenberger Works. Mandl’s right to hold the funds of the Works was disputed.

Mandl lost the first round of a lawsuit to declare the Nazis’ actions illegal. Promptly he selected as his personal agents a Swiss firm of international bankers of Zurich, and sent them to Berlin to bargain.

For a refugee, the bargain Mandl got through Wehrli was remarkable. In exchange for the return of the Hirtenberger cash, he got back his Austrian estates plus a million dollars in pounds sterling and a million and a quarter Reichsmarks. His personal funds were not mentioned. Precisely what arrangements were made for the armament plant is not known, but as late as 1944 he was still in touch with the Hirtenberger Works and referred to them as “my works in Vienna.”

But there was a typical Nazi joker. The deal was made with the Gustloff Foundation in behalf of the Nazis. One clause called for the payment by Mandl of all back taxes on his estates. As soon as the taxes had been paid, the Gestapo seized the estates again. The Gestapo was a different bureau, the Gustloff Foundation blandly explained. Mandl lost his property. This is the basis for his description of himself as a refugee from the Gestapo.

III

Mandl had already taken his first look at Argentina late in 1937. It was not an ordinary investor’s trip. The oncoming Nazi storm darkened the sky and many European capitalists wondered if even Switzerland could provide a safe refuge from the tempest.

Mandl was well received in political circles in Buenos Aires. His previous relationships with Mussolini and Franco were of value. He already knew many Argentine army officers. He had entertained some of them when they were military attachés in Berlin and Vienna. The German embassy itself recommended him.

Argentina he found attractive and civilized, like the Europe he had known. Opportunities for investment were many. Above all, both Argentina’s army officers and her political situation seemed to him favorable to the project he had in mind.

He returned to the Riviera well pleased, visited the Luxembourg owners of certain steel-fabricating plants in Argentina and made a number of contacts with Germany.

October of 1938 saw him in Buenos Aires again. This time he was in earnest. He bought a cattle ranch and a rice plantation, transferred large funds from Switzerland to Argentine banks, deposited 700 kilos of gold bars in Argentina’s Central Bank, a like amount with Lloyd’s in London, put \$2,000,000 to his credit in New York and set up in Buenos Aires a personal

holding company for his fortune. Included in the list of incorporators was a leading Argentine Nazi. As usual, Mandl kept his name out of it; he controlled by power of attorney.

He entered into partnership with one of Argentina's leading families. He invested in plastics, cement and textiles, interested himself in artificial silk and synthetic rubber, bought a ship and sold it to the Japs.

He carefully cultivated relationships with Argentina's military officers, in particular General Basilio Pertine and General Juan Bautista Molina, both highly-placed pro-Nazis.

In October 1939, Mandl arrived in New York for a visit of seven months. Included in his large entourage was a Nazi official, a metallurgical expert released by the great Rheinmetal plant in Germany to help Mandl's plans.

Already Mandl's dream had begun to take practical shape — a huge, new and greater Hirtenberger Works rising in Argentina, a steel plant like the Hermann Goering Werke plus a series of lesser munitions factories — a munitions kingdom of the south.

He purchased machinery and materials for a large bicycle factory — yes, bicycles, but wait! — entered into negotiations for a brass mill and bought machine tools. On the advice of his Nazi metallurgical expert he concluded a contract with a large engineering firm which had built the Hermann Goering Werke and one of Britain's great steel plants. He hired this concern to come to Argentina to

survey the field and draw up plans and estimates for a steel plant.

Then Mandl sailed again for Buenos Aires. He arrived just in time to read the unfolding tragedy of Dunkirk in the daily papers.

Here was an unexpected turn of events. Hitherto, although employing Nazi technological help, he had counted on buying his materials and equipment in the United States. But obviously a victorious Germany could meet his needs better than a defeated Britain and an isolated America.

Within forty-eight hours, therefore, he changed his plans and cabled his old friend, Austrian Minister Schmidt, now in Berlin and director of the Hermann Goering Werke. His cable proposed an all-out collaboration in setting up his new steel combine in Argentina. He suggested to the Hermann Goering Werke also that in return for their valued collaboration with him he would see to it that the Argentine Government purchased its other steel requirements from them also. Receiving a quick and favorable reply, accepting in principle, he promptly sent to Germany the detailed plans and estimates already in hand — so complete that reputedly they filled two large volumes.

What he wanted to obtain, he told impressed intimates, was the Krupp process whereby steel is extracted from iron-ore sands such as those which stretch endlessly along Argentina's southern coast. He talked no more about his hatred of the Ge-

stapo. His relationships with Germany were excellent, he boasted.

Even efficient Germans, however, take time to answer letters involving large projects. In the interval, the stubborn defense of Britain by the RAF shook Fritz Mandl's confidence in eventual Nazi victory. Cautiously he resumed his negotiations with the United States.

On August 27, 1941, in *Acción Argentina*, appeared a full-page article carrying Mandl's picture, describing Cometa, his new bicycle factory, already in full blast. The article stated that Fritz Mandl's new venture had good prospects of securing a monopoly in the Argentine bicycle field.

This article did not please Fritz Mandl. He had consistently denied to his American friends any idea of making munitions, yet tucked away in the newspaper article was the information that the bicycle plant was so designed that it could be turned to ammunition-making in twenty-four hours. The article also asked a most embarrassing question:

Precisely what were the circumstances, inquired *Acción Argentina*, whereby Fritz Mandl found it so easy to take a huge fortune out of Austria?

IV

This was only one of several flea bites which were making things uncomfortable for Mandl. Both the British and American colonies were still ostracising him. Many high-class Argentine families would have nothing

to do with him, and most of the best German families had become uncertain both of his "Aryanism" and his real relationship with Berlin.

To remedy this situation Mandl turned aside from business for a moment. For some months, he devoted time to bettering his social position. His goal was membership in the exclusive Jockey Club. But Mandl was blackballed. He promptly attributed his rejection to a campaign against him by the German embassy.

In October 1942, a further blow fell.

Through the New York office of a private banking firm of Buenos Aires, Mandl had sent \$100,000 in currency to a Brooklyn brewery. This was for "safekeeping," he explained — for some mysterious emergency.

In June 1941, the brewery, obeying the Treasury regulations for reporting foreign funds, revealed the transaction. The firm which had acted for Mandl, although Argentine in name, was partly Swiss — which brought it under Foreign Funds Control.

Various circumstances aroused Washington's suspicions; an investigation was pushed; the upshot was that in October 1942, all Mandl's American resources and activities were blocked by order of the U. S. Treasury. His company in Argentina soon found it impossible to obtain materials from the United States. Here was real trouble.

Mandl's Buenos Aires bankers knew what had happened at once. His associates, too, could not be kept in ignorance. Nor could a happening of such

importance be kept from his military friends, who were of the opinion that Mandl's ability to get machinery and equipment from the United States was vital to the ambitious project in which they also were interested.

So Mandl talked to every influential North American and Briton who would listen. He loved the Allies, he insisted. Confident his negotiations with the Hermann Goering Werke were secret, he proclaimed that he had never had any dealings with the Nazis. His only chance of regaining his Austrian estates was by Allied victory. On what possible grounds could such a mistaken action be based?

For many months, Buenos Aires beheld him a constant visitor at the American and British embassies. Associates laden with briefcases accompanied him. But the American Government only tightened its hold.

To his Argentine military friends he finally confided that he had always hated the Allies anyway. He would go it alone, he boasted. All further necessary drawings were on their way from Vienna and Berlin. All necessary machinery could be tooled by Cometa. The embargo would be no more trouble in the future than it had been in the past. No one could stop him.

And this time he meant business.

Cometa, his thriving bicycle factory, could be changed over in twenty-four hours to making ammunition. Agreements had been made for Chilean copper and iron; millions of kilos of steel from Sweden were available; experts were at his elbow to

help him; five fabricating steel plants were already at work in Argentina; scrap iron was at hand in great quantities. Also, the statement that plans and drawings were on their way from Europe was no idle boast.

All he actually needed to start up again in the munitions business in a big way was a little clever propaganda among his military friends — to make sure of orders — and a chance of buying into Argentine industry itself so that he would not appear as a forerunner out merely for personal profit.

Propaganda he found only too easy. Many of the military clique already half-believed that Brazil, Argentina's huge neighbor, coveted Argentina's rich Corrientes Province and the territory of Misiones. Lend-lease, they suspected, was merely a Yankee trick whereby Brazil, under cover of arming for a European war, could secure armament for the conquest of Argentina. The trouble would start the day the European war ended.

Such beliefs were fertile ground for Fritz Mandl. Loquacious, clever and insinuating, with a wide acquaintance among the military, he made the most of his opportunity.

V

The June 1943 revolution gave him his chance. With the success of the *coup d'état* he found himself on intimate terms with the pro-Nazi military rulers of a country ripe for armament at any cost. Within a week the military rulers gave Fritz Mandl to under-

stand that anybody who could deliver would be given a fat armament contract at once.

In October, Mandl bought surreptitiously into an old Argentine concern named Impa. Makers of airplanes, arms and trucks, the firm was owned by the heirs of Roberto Lianau. It was directed by José Mario Sueyro, brother of the late Vice President of Argentina and of the present Minister of Marine. Included in its customers were many blacklisted concerns and among its personnel were escaped Italian air pilots from the Italian Lati Line seized by the Brazilian Government.

Impa had everything that Cometa lacked — machinery, materials, an old Argentine name and above all an intimate blood relationship through Sueyro with Argentina's military rulers. Together Impa and Cometa were a first-class munition works.

By November the merger was complete. Fritz Mandl changed Cometa over to ammunition-making, bought out those stockholders who complained, put in José Sueyro as president and took control for himself. Backed by the Mandl fortune, Impa Armamentos was ready to do business.

Early in 1944 the Argentine Government awarded Impa Armamentos its first contract, fifty-six million pesos for arms, ammunition, mines, trucks and field kitchens — with further contracts for airplanes and warships to follow. Fritz Mandl was again in the munitions business in a big way.

He is going ahead fast. Since Janu-

ary 1944, the production facilities of Impa Armamentos have been trebled, plans of the Hirtenberger Works have been received, rolling mills are being bought in Brazil, technical processes, drawings and production know-how have been secured from the Manfred Weiss works in Budapest — a Hermann Goering subsidiary — land has been purchased outside San Martín for a new brass and copper foundry and a great new munition combine is in course of construction in the proud land of the pampas.

One result is that Fritz Mandl has been blacklisted as an open enemy of the Allies. But this has hampered him very little. In one sense it has helped him. To many Argentines such a blacklisting appears, not as an Allied step against an obvious enemy, but as an outright American attempt to sabotage Argentina's armament program — one more stride along the long path of Allied coercion, with Fritz Mandl this time as the victim and the martyr.

He is now also the personal adviser to Colonel Perón, Vice President. As such he influences policy not only on Argentina's armament program but on her fiscal and industrial policies as well. He works closely with the Argentine War Materials Commission and is in daily touch with General Savio, head of the Argentine Army arms factories. Government military sentinels guard Mandl's plants. The Córdoba government arms factory itself was constructed from plans originally supplied by Fritz Mandl

when he was still head of the Hirtenberger Works in Vienna. Fabrica Borges, the state munitions factory, got its machines from Mandl in 1927.

Thus he has more influence than a mere munitions maker. So powerful is he, in fact, that alarmists insist he is actually an agent of the Nazis. They say that all his activities are part of an agreement with the Nazis dating back to 1938, whereby Argentina will eventually be taken over by the Germans precisely as, through Quisling, Norway was acquired.

Nazi agent or mere profiteer, in the government or out of it, Fritz Mandl is now in a position to push his ambitions to the limit. He will stop at nothing. Because of that fact he is a continuing and progressively increasing menace to the peace of all South America — a menace which sooner or later will have to be faced.

Just what can be done about it is not easy to say. Fritz Mandl understands his game thoroughly. In his background are decades of the intrigues, hatreds and suspicions of Central Europe, with their deadly flower of armament contracts. The nations

of South America he views as merely another series of Balkan states, with the same or greater armament possibilities.

He says: "The heads of all Latin-American countries owe their positions directly or indirectly to the military. Military men like deeds, not words. In all my experience I have never known a Latin-American country to cancel an armament contract, no matter what the political changes."

Wars and threats of wars are the life blood of his business. Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Paraguay — all are on his first list of preferred prospects. To drum up business he is cheerfully looking forward to immediate trouble with Brazil — with the backing of Argentina's present military rulers.

As an example of European poison brought to the Western Hemisphere, Mandl is tops. His god is money; war and death are his allies. Peace and democracy are unintelligible to him. He has persuaded the military rulers of Argentina that they need him. He is an Argentine patriot now. His career goes a long way to explain Argentina to Americans.



*H*E that hath no children doth bring them up well.

— ENGLISH PROVERB

CHILD-REARING BY THE BOOK

BY LEO KANNER, M.D.

THE mother of a five-month-old boy was sorely vexed. What will she do if her child should develop "problems"? How will she meet them? How could she preclude them? What specifically should she do in any one contingency?

From the depths of her perplexity came the following epistle:

What would be your recommendation for a good book on child psychology? . . . I don't want a book on general child care, feeding schedules, sleeping conditions, etc., as I have read several of those. Neither do I want an intangible treatment of the subject: 'If Johnny does thus and so, treat the situation subtly.' It seems as though there are not more than fifty problems of behavior which any child *might* develop, and probably in all children the causation would be essentially the same. I want a book which gives concrete problems and concrete solutions.

This young mother's puzzlement is by no means unique. Innumerable women all over the country share her premonitory goose pimples. They also share her eagerness to be told in exact detail how to conduct themselves in the face of a child's every conceivable move and mood. Many of them are in-

telligent, well-educated persons with a reasonable sense of perspective. They do not usually depend on books and lectures for the ordinary pursuit of their daily assignments. She is not considered a good cook who cannot boil an egg or toast a slice of bread without constant reference to her cook book. She is not regarded as an accomplished hostess who cannot live gracefully through a party without consulting her book of etiquette. The amenities and responsibilities of being a housewife, an entertainer, a shopper are taken for granted as a part of *savoir-faire*.

But motherhood is often viewed altogether differently. Reliance on personal resourcefulness and naturalness is thrown to the winds. A supply of baby linen and the outfitting of a nursery room used to suffice as a preparation for a child's coming; nowadays a book, or preferably a small library of books, on child-rearing has come to be required as an essential part of the equipment. Let the baby refuse that extra ounce of milk, keep the little thumb in its mouth, or cry a few minutes longer than the mother's

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nerves can stand, and there is great comfort in "reading up" on what is to be done under the circumstances. As the baby grows older, the number and variety of maternal quandaries expand manifoldly. The child's eating, sleeping, elimination, speech, play, obedience, veracity and company manners become matters of serious concern. Mothers reach for "the book" automatically with the avidity of an addict, and the book has all the answers.

II

A few years ago, an amusingly pathetic cartoon appeared on the cover of a popular magazine. A little culprit lies across his mother's lap, his dorsal hemispheres turned ceilingward. The mother, grim-faced, bewildered, swings with her right hand a hairbrush which is about to make contact with the seat of the youngster's trousers. Her eyes wander over the pages of a book which she holds in her left hand. Action is suspended until the oracle reveals what the next move should be.

Perhaps this cartoon is a sign of the public's awakening rebellion against the tyranny of certain books on child-rearing. Perhaps it is a challenge to parents who have allowed the authors to bully them into blind submission to their rules and regulations. Says one of the authors, categorically: "With all their unquestioned love and all their good intentions, mothers and fathers do not work as hard nor as efficiently as they should at the most

important job in the world." Says another, with sacerdotal solemnity: "The oldest profession of the race today is facing failure. This profession is parenthood. Many thousands of mothers do not even know that parenthood should be numbered among the professions."

Thus many authors decreed a professional status upon parenthood and set themselves up as expert teachers. You cannot, after all, enter upon any profession without adequate preparation. There are no special colleges, exams, laboratory demonstrations, apprenticeships, or correspondence courses available for the study of parenthood. There are no State Boards of Parenthood Examiners to quiz the candidates, to issue or withhold certificates, and to bring before the bar of justice all those who dare "practice without license." How, then, should the training proceed?

The market was flooded with books on child-rearing. In them, mothers were instructed how to manage their offspring every minute of the day and night from birth through adolescence. Our culture embarked on a period of parental regimentation through literature. There were set, inelastic rules for everything.

Babies must eat just so often and so much. All youngsters of a certain age everywhere must be in bed at the same prescribed hour and must have just so much sleep. They must not wet their beds beyond a fixed date. If Johnny declines his spinach, his mother cannot afford to use her own

judgment; she must act in the manner ordained by the book and even arrange her facial muscles to attain the precise physiognomy required by her literary guide. If a mother has the desire to hug and kiss her child, she is admonished by one of the authors: "Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit in your lap. If you must, kiss them once on the forehead when they say good night. Shake hands with them in the morning. Give them a pat on the head if they have made an extraordinarily good job of a difficult task." Down with the "mawkish, sentimental" idea of indulging in osculatory display of affection!

I have known mothers who were so bent on strict adherence to the perused specifications that they condensed them in the form of time tables hung upon the wall. Thereafter, they turned themselves into pendulums swinging back and forth between child and schedule in what looked very much like perpetual motion. No railroad station could possibly function with greater punctuality.

What are the results of this "professional training" by the book? Are the children who are thus brought up healthier and happier than those whose mothers have kept away from the bookish mechanization of parenthood? Do they present fewer "problems"? Ask any pediatrician. Ask any psychiatrist. Ask the parents themselves, of whom thousands, thoroughly mystified, flock daily in an unending stream to physicians' offices and clinics. Sooner or later, the dis-

concerting discovery is made that literal obedience to the printed code is not rewarded with the promised and expected perfection.

III

Elsie had been fed by the clock. Her food had been served appetizingly. Her calories and vitamins had been calculated cautiously. Everything had been done according to the book. Why is it, then, that Elsie presented a feeding problem, gagged and retched at the mere sight of oatmeal and, in her quotidian mounting of the scale, fell short of the required weight? And wasn't it painful to observe how neighbor's plump-cheeked Nancy throve though her mother did not read books and attend lectures on child care and — may this never be held against her on the Day of Judgment! — even allowed the child to have c-a-n-d-y between meals?

Billy's mother had read about children's sensitive souls. You must keep all unpleasantness away from them. You must supervise their reading. You must let them see only those motion pictures which you have previewed and found innocuous. Billy, thus protected, was haunted by horrible night terrors in which ghosts and kidnappers put Frankenstein and the Gestapo to shame. Billy was afraid of the dark. A flash of lightning drove him into a panic. His mother had always been loftily critical of Tommy's parents who let their son read Dick Tracy and enjoy his dorsal shivers at

the climax of a movie thriller. Tommy slept like a log and knew no fear other than that which expresses itself as prudent realization and avoidance of real danger.

Fathom, if you can, the predicament in which Herbert's parents found themselves. The father was the director of a large social agency. The mother was president of a parent-teacher association. They had read — they did not remember where — that a child's habits are fixed at seven years of age. Herbert, about two weeks after his seventh birthday, had come home from Sunday School without his topcoat, on a sweltering day in July. In view of this evidence of "forgetfulness," his parents were certain that their son was doomed to lifelong amnesia. They took him to a psychiatrist, whose reassurance was met with skepticism. The book knows best. When they departed, the father left — without his hat. Had *his* habits also been "fixed" at seven years? He waited almost three weeks before he mustered enough courage to call for his hat.

What are the reasons for this parental dependence on books? And why doesn't it work?

The underlying literalness and desire for specified instruction are the results of an interplay between potent cultural and personal factors. The plain fact is that for some time there has been a tendency to scare parents out of their wits. It all started with the idea of prevention. This idea represents by far the greatest boon

that has come to human civilization in a long time. Prevention of tomorrow's illness fundamentally means nothing more nor less than healthy living today. Prevention of illness is practiced by maintaining good health. It is as simple as that. But there were many alarmists who felt that you should frighten people into "preventing" by keeping constantly a dark horoscope before their eyes, by painting devils on the wall and urging them to throw inkwells at the devils, by having them shoot excitedly at targets which have been set up by a terrified imagination.

There is a story about several scholars who were engaged in a discussion of people's outlook on life. One of them gave an example of what he regarded as invincible optimism. He told of a young man who, on a delightful summer morning, walked along a beautiful alley thinking beautiful thoughts, when suddenly a bird dropped something on his bare head. Far from being annoyed, he exclaimed joyously: "How wonderful that cows are not flying around!" An eminent psychiatrist, who had listened to the story remarked: "I do not believe that your young man was an optimist. I am inclined to regard him as a profound pessimist — because he envisioned the worst."

Contemporary child-rearing, under the impact of dire warnings, tends to envision the worst. It has a thoroughly pessimistic orientation. It wants to be sure that it does the right thing lest misfortune overtake a child for whom

the right thing has not always been done. It judges a child's performance not calmly for what it is and means in the present, but apprehensively for what it "might lead to" in the future. Minor and minimal departures from non-existent perfection are viewed as sign posts to later calamity. Being a parent, you must know exactly what to do in the face of such departures, which are depicted by the alarmists as those little acorns from which will grow the big oak trees of physical and mental collapse. You must keep yourself fully informed. The information is supplied in books. It is a part of your "professional" obligation as a parent to study those books and act in accordance with their commandments. If your child does not accommodate you by being perfect, then you have either not studied enough or failed to apply the rules to the letter. Then a chorus of experts will point accusing fingers at you and say with devastating contempt: "*Cherchez la mère.*"

IV

Let it be said that there are many parents who are not easily scared and do not allow books or lectures to turn them into mechanical robots when they are with their children. These are men and women who are genuinely fond of their offspring and have faith in their natural unfolding. They have a sound capacity for enjoying their children. They have sufficient self-confidence to rely on their general human experience. It is the basically

anxious and obsessive parents who, lacking such self-confidence, unable to make decisions of their own, grasp at anything that will relieve them of personal initiative. The book tells them what to do, and they do it. If the child does not do what the book says he should do, he must be forced to conform.

Fortunately for the human race, children do not surrender to coercion unconditionally. Most of them rebel against it. Their rebellion is met with further agitation. The parents, to whom the book is infallibly sacrosanct, feel that the fault is with the child. Perhaps something is wrong with the functions of his body. Perhaps he has inherited some quirk from some relative of the black-sheep variety. The poor child must be made over. The parents, in their anxiety, make life miserable for the child and themselves, hoping that somehow all this misery will secure health and happiness on a distant day.

The logic behind such attitudes is something like that of a person who, instead of allowing his watch to function with no more attention than is required to keep it running well, would perpetually handle, wind, overwind and shake his watch, with the idea that all this activity is necessary to assure good function at some later date.

This compulsive winding and overwinding, born of parental emotionalism and nurtured by the scaring and scolding type of literature, extends to all phases of a child's existence. It in-

volves every sip and morsel, every sound and every motion.

Since the dawn of history until a half-century ago, mothers let their infants suck their fingers without harm to themselves or the infants. Medieval artists painted angels with thumbs in their mouths to give them the appearance of heavenly bliss. Then came the alarmists and warned: Thumb-sucking will result in misshapen physiognomy, increased susceptibility to infections, and a tendency to alcoholism and sexual perversions. Mothers became frantic. They were told that, if they allowed their tots to indulge, they "should be rightfully condemned by the community." Thumb-sucking became a major "behavior problem."

Out of this nightmarish anxiety and pessimism, a healthy reaction has set in during the past few years. Paradoxically enough, books were needed to undo the harm done by books. This new kind of literature guides without scaring, advises without chiding, makes it possible for parents to enjoy their children, tries to liberate them from obsessiveness and panic, strikes a balance between coercion and unchecked permissiveness, and emphasizes the soundness of genuine parental affection. Instead of starting with a reference to the failure of parenthood, one of the new authors introduces her book thus: "The most valuable thing parents can do for their children is enjoy them." There is hope that child-rearing by the book is on its way out.



Language —

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply those words that are continually falling through disuse.

— FELTON

DE VALERA'S IRELAND

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

EAMON DE VALERA is now sixty-two. His tall figure and that deeply lined, morose schoolmaster face of his are familiar in the press, and millions have heard him broadcast in his flat Limerick accent, but according to recent visitors the Irish leader is less lean and spare than he used to be. They say he is more expansive in manner. To suppose him really expansive would be too much, though some homing Irish who went to pay their respects not so long ago found him affable and talkative. He may not have been able to rub out the schoolmaster's chalk stains any more than could Woodrow Wilson or T. G. Masaryk, but he is now described as having the benignity of a college president, with a touch of gray about the temples.

It is no wonder he has visitors. De Valera is the most conspicuous Irishman alive today — if we except Bernard Shaw — and a literary perennial is less of an oddity than is a political one. For a quarter of a century, De Valera has jabbed himself into our consciousness. He has survived a host of

English public men — Edward Carson, the father of Irish “partition,” Lord Birkenhead, who was Carson’s trumpeter, Asquith, Lloyd George, Austen and Neville Chamberlain, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin. Only one of these high and low eminences has stood equally firm during the same long period, sometimes in twilight, like De Valera himself, but always looming on the public’s apprehension. That is Dev’s formidable British protagonist, Winston Churchill.

Both have rare stamina. The Boers could arrest and jail Churchill, but he was bound to escape. So did De Valera, when the English jailed him in Lincoln. Winston Churchill’s personal courage is undaunted. The same is true of De Valera, barely saved from the firing squad after the rebellion of 1916. Whatever difference in their world importance, in their ability to paint pictures, in their use of whisky and tobacco, in their fecundity and rotundity, each of these men has had a unique national job to do. Each has made the job peculiarly his own. Each has held to the sticking point.

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Each has kept a grip on his people. But more than that, their firmness about "national interests" has brought them into the bitterest direct conflict.

The rock in De Valera's path to complete national independence has been Winston Churchill. It was Churchill's *Realpolitik* that the Irish were up against when they negotiated their treaty in 1921. It was Churchill who wanted to keep bases for the British navy all around the Irish coast. It was Churchill who refused to do the obvious thing, give Ulster the status of Quebec, but insisted instead on removing a portion of the historic unit from native Irish fealty, alienating it for imperial reasons. And it was also this resolute Briton who, six months after the treaty was signed, threatened with military force the limp new member of the Commonwealth that wasn't hurrying to the imperial bed to complete the union. Churchill's artillery blasted the rebels out of the Four Courts in Dublin and gave De Valera his excuse for a civil war.

That civil war was the worst injury De Valera could have dealt to Ireland. It is an injury from which it has not recovered. But how did Churchill take it? He gloated over it. In this great hero there is the kind of realist that has hampered Britain in India, the realist whose strength in imperialist self-assertion has frequently withstood a nobler England. Against this truculence, this overbearing energy and aggressiveness, which alone could save a Britain at war, Ireland

has had a cold, wary, implacable half-Spaniard. Strong enough to keep Winston Churchill from applying conscription to Northern Ireland in the present war, De Valera also kept him from having those Irish naval bases without which, as Churchill so often thundered, there might be no holding the Nazi submarines. The argument was violent, though apparently not founded on fact. It did not sway De Valera.

A refusal to be swayed by big guns is always impressive. For a man to stay in power for a dozen years is in itself very little, but if, during that tenure, long-standing claims of over-taxation have been pressed home, and land annuities wiped out, and naval bases cancelled, and a governor general got rid of, as well as an oath of allegiance, then the score is a positive one. Add to this a tenacious neutrality. To keep a nation of three million neutral, with hundreds of thousands of unwelcome troops across a parchment border, to retain German and Japanese envoys at the capital and to clamp a muzzle on the press and iron doors on the would-be Quislings — does call for strength of character, political calculation and facility. De Valera is impressively positive. Yet there is a paradox in this contrast. Where the earthy Churchill refuted most of the Irish sneers at decadent England, bringing his people to heights of courage and selflessness, De Valera's idealism actually parches and blights the Irish spirit. The outcome of an implacable righteousness is ungenerous

and meagre, as well as mixed with force and fraud. And that is the paradox of De Valera's fight for Irish independence.

II

No one can belittle the young De Valera who was a rebel, especially since few now deplore or dispute the drastic means by which the Irish extremists asserted the rights of their small nation in 1916.

De Valera had a minor part in the extremists' rebellion, as did most of the men he brought into office with him. Like martial men everywhere (and America had only war veterans as Presidents from Ulysses Grant to Theodore Roosevelt), they won at the polls largely because they had faced the enemy in fight. If you go back to a 1916 book, you'll find the late Maurice Joy saying that "Edward de Valera was the insurgent commander, an American citizen, who up to the outbreak of the rebellion had been a professor of science at Maynooth College. De Valera and his men were under continual fire from Tuesday until Sunday. . . . Twenty-five of them held up 2,000 Sherwood Foresters for five hours." An English officer taken prisoner described De Valera's remarkable courage. He repeatedly risked his life. It was his own wife who brought him the order to surrender, and when he gave in he said to his captor:

"You may shoot me, but my men must be unmolested."

All this chapter in De Valera's life is glorious. He was consumed by a national ideal. Like his wife, an enthusiast for Gaelic, he not only dreamed that Ireland could be "free," but he joined six hundred other rebels to fight an Empire for it. He was saved from execution by the accident that he had been born in New York, where the Chrysler Building now stands, and it was considered impolitic by the British to execute an American citizen. He went to jail for life. He threw away his pipe, never to smoke again, in one of those moods of exaltation that generous natures feel when lifted out of themselves. It was in prison that he won the respect and confidence of his fellow rebels. He became "Dev" to these firebrands, and when he was amnestied along with them, they carried his name to every corner in Ireland. Dev and Mick Collins were to be successors to those leaders of the Easter Rebellion whom the British had so stealthily and delayingly executed. Dev and Mick Collins were to be united in the fight for freedom, separated by that second imprisonment from which Collins was to rescue De Valera, united in seeking a peace treaty, separated by a disagreement on its terms, and finally divided forever when De Valera's forces ambushed Michael Collins and killed him. Twice before, they had tried to assassinate Dev's bravest collaborator. At the end he was killed in open fight.

Michael Collins had never been a schoolmaster. He had worked as a

clerk among the English, in London. He was a much more buoyant and elastic human being than De Valera, a more typically Irish one; and when negotiations with the English, suspended after a long clinch between Lloyd George and De Valera, were resumed by the delegation of which Collins was the mainspring, there came a turning point in all Irish history. On the English delegation was Winston Churchill, beyond any doubt the hard nut the Irish had to crack. At the point of a gun, so to speak, Lloyd George demanded the signature to this proposed treaty in 1921. Collins had one supreme advantage over De Valera, he was intimate with every detail of Irish resistance since the Rebellion and he was aware that it had worn thin. The resumption of war would have crushed resistance. He signed. And De Valera, the man who had made him his agent, repudiated his signature.

What followed was a struggle in debate between fellow rebels with the same national goal. Collins won. Then De Valera resorted to civil war. The pro-treaty Irish themselves took care of De Valera's forces. De Valera, who was ready for "instant and terrible war" with the British Empire, was not even able to defeat the Free State. He threw in the sponge.

The irony of this fratricidal struggle, which cost the lives of many men who would have been invaluable servants of the young state, is that the ideological differences were far less grave than the temperamental ones.

It is true that De Valera had his brain trust. Its chief was one of Ireland's political imports, Erskine Childers, a Scot with an Irish cousin or two, Bob Barton and David Robinson, living in Wicklow near those other Irish extremists, who were also originally Scottish, the Gilmours and the Stuarts. Stuart was to end in his logical home, Berlin, but these earlier ones had marched on Berlin; all three, Childers and Barton and Robinson, had been officers in the British forces before becoming hot Irish patriots and Holier Than Thou. They grouped around Mrs. Molly Osgood Childers, a Bostonian, Holier than any other Thou that ever lived.

Childers was an intellectual. He had written a volume in the *Times* on the history of the Boer War when he was a stern imperialist; a keen spy novel, *The Riddle of the Sands*, when he was an English patriot; and *Dominion Home Rule*, when he was a liberal. As he shifted his ideology he could show De Valera all the weak points in Britain, and De Valera, blocked by the blunt and pugnacious Churchill, imbibed much of his policy from Childers. But this was reinforced by Puritanism. Barton and Childers shook their heads over Collins. They said he was drinking. Others shook their heads over Arthur Griffith, who had also signed the treaty. They said he had taken a stenographer on his knees during the treaty negotiations and slipped a gold sovereign down her back. They shook their heads over the inferior, pusillanimous majority

that favored peace. Childers and Robinson became activists in the civil war. I once asked Robinson where he was when Michael Collins was killed. He said grimly, "In the next field." In the upshot came reprisal. Childers was executed. But De Valera said he was ready to "wade through blood" to reach the national goal. In his own view he was upholding the banner of the ideal.

III

Underneath his legal ingenuities about "the status of Cuba," "external association," "Document No. 2," however, De Valera had no basic nationalistic excuse for his death struggle with Michael Collins as statesman. The treaty that Collins signed was not his goal. He intended to do what De Valera came to do — to work it, in order to work himself out of it. Once the pro-treaty Irish could feel their way inside the British constitution to the Statute of Westminster, which they did, it was bloodless surgery to remove the oath of allegiance, the governor general — everything, in fact, except some form of external association, and on this De Valera was agreed.

What was in dispute was the method of adjusting relations with Britain. The patriots in Michael Collins' camp were just as ardent about the Gaelic language as De Valera was. They were just as clear about removing imperial symbols. They were willing to call the letter-post *An phuist*.

Cosgrave painted green over Edward VII's embossed name on the letter-boxes. In agreement with the Puritans, he made marriage indissoluble. He condemned birth control. He started censorship of books on a grand scale, once Michael Collins was dead. But if the sour ones thought Michael Collins too exuberant and free, reverencing De Valera in his priestly black as one of much "greatness, courage, gravity and fortitude" (all the things that Machiavelli recommends to a rebel), the big fact still remained that until De Valera weakened the pro-treaty people by civil war they chiefly differed from him in being franker about the one inexorable and unalterable condition of Ireland's full functioning — its juxtaposition to England.

By closing his eyes to this invincible reality, De Valera instantly gained a moral sublimity as against his opponents. He even forced them to be pro-English at times. But this sublimity was hollow. He had to defer to reality at a later date. And this is where Collins showed greater foresight.

When De Valera thought he could be a power in Ireland without taking his seat in the Dail, he spurned the obligatory oath of allegiance required by the treaty and said it was infamous to take it. In course of time he decided to play the game otherwise, to take his seat in the Dail. Then he changed his tune. He said that this infamous oath was "an empty formula."

His reconciliations with reality have always had this inglorious belatedness. He was campaigning hard in America in 1919 and 1920, when the League of Nations was an issue. Because of its bearing on Irish freedom, De Valera was critical of Article 10. He was dead against the League and did a great deal to keep America from joining it. But later, when he was presiding over the League Council at Geneva, no man was more toplofty, more sanctimonious, more full of high principle about international understanding, than this former enemy of the League. His ideals are invariably unquestionable: but they are also subject to change without notice. And this gives him an immense advantage with the young, who do not see that he varies and who are won by his inflexibility.

But the really inflexible believers in an Irish republic now look on De Valera as a hypocrite and a traitor. That is why he has had to ram them into jail, and let some of them die on hunger strike or the scaffold. They scorn and despise him.

They scorn his new constitution. Written in Gaelic, which about ten of the deputies understood, it was careful not to declare a republic. It intimated that Ireland was a "sovereign, independent, democratic state," no longer specifically "co-equal member of the Community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations," but affirming "its inalienable, indefeasible, and sovereign right to choose its own

form of government," whenever it got around to it. Even the territory was left blank, "pending the re-integration."

In plainer words, De Valera shied away from the republic. It was not Lloyd George who let young McCurtain die on hunger strike for De Valera's republican ideology. It was De Valera himself. Those who pressed him to seek a republican state are now in jail. What De Valera gained for himself and his friends was not a republic, but the control of a government — and at the exorbitant salaries that he had denounced when out of office. Yet he frowns on the proximity to England about which Michael Collins had been clear-eyed and honest. And he, who had been so critical of partition, is farther today from solving it than Michael Collins was.

From this deviousness of Dev's stream most of the evils that afflict Ireland. These evils are less squalid and mundane than those once involved in submission to government from Westminster. They may even be a spiritually inescapable part of Ireland's tragic education as it struggles to integrate itself in a geographic zone that concerns Britain. But De Valera puts his myth of integration in the first place, so that brute reality takes inevitable vengeance on him. In this way the Irish people, governed by a fantasm, suffer a horrible deprivation of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The country is boasting of national vigor and dying of social anemia.

IV

Ireland is literally dying. All the gains in population that should have come with self-government are lost by steady migration. In the quarter of a century since self-government was achieved, the population has not risen. The young folk stream out of Ireland. This is the first retort of ambitious youth to the dwarfing, overzealous, inelastic policy imposed by the well-meaning but self-defeating group around De Valera.

Before the war De Valera tried to bring Irish-owned capital back to Ireland. Out of a billion Irish dollars invested abroad he was able to bring only thirty millions home.

By prodigies of organization, his minister of industry and commerce set up 800 small factories, employing nearly 80,000 workers. This new step had to be protected by tariffs. Prices rose. The Irish consumers had to pay 132 shillings for Irish bacon of a grade that was sold in England for 84 shillings. The slaughter of half a million calves was supposed to help tillage, but home wheat was 28 shillings as against foreign at 18 shillings. De Valera suggested that the Irish drink beer for breakfast, rather than send out money for tea. This policy of self-sufficiency was mythical. The national debt mounted from 32 to 61 million pounds. Income tax from say, a level of \$650 under Cosgrave rose to \$1,000 under De Valera. Swarms of taxes nipped like midges. The buying public found itself paying higher

prices for inferior goods, and while Ireland was freed from the crushing obligations of debt-ridden Britain, he exacted these mounting taxes to give him a weapon for "economic war." In this war on Britain, Irish agricultural exports were slaughtered as well as the calves. Eventually De Valera gained a point. The five million pounds that the farmers sent to England in "land purchase annuities" were remitted. But while De Valera had pronounced them iniquitous — and declared with gorgeous extravagance, "The wealth of Britain, vast as it is, would not be sufficient to compensate Ireland for the manifold injuries and losses suffered by our country as a result of British rule" — he still required the farmers, those victims of manifold injuries and losses, to pay half of those iniquitous annuities to their own government. And for those of his own countrymen who refused he had military tribunals.

One benefit of this economic war, as he viewed it, was British relinquishment of naval bases, to which the weary appeaser Chamberlain agreed. Yet 701,000 voters in 1937 gave their first preference in Ireland to De Valera's opposition, as against 603,000 for Dev. The Irish people do not dispute with him that God intended Ireland to be a nation. They merely think that God also intended England to be a neighbor.

And so thought the Banking Commission, whose report was so long held back. This commission of outside experts saw no reason why the Irish

people should be beggared in the furtherance of a myth of self-sufficiency.

The answer of the people themselves is to flee the country, to England and Scotland. It is now estimated that three million Irish Catholics live across the Channel from Ireland. This is a greater total than inhabits the homeland under De Valera's rule. By making that short journey, many escape from De Valera's myth, and he'd have a rebellion if he tried the last vile trick of the totalitarian — to close the exits. Yet those who escape are lost to Ireland. A quarter of a million Irish, according to recent reports, are now serving with the British armed forces. How many of these came from Ireland, and how many from Britain, is not stated, nor do we know how many migrated to Britain for war work. But the loss to Eire, under De Valera's mythical neutrality, is evidently stupendous. Ireland is neutral. The Irish people are deeply and extensively participating in the war. It is only a fantasm that divorces himself from such a political trend and loses sight of such realities.

V

Equally fantastic is De Valera's desire to lock up the Irish in their innocence and purity. By suppressing the Crimes Report, full of awkward facts, he strove before the war to maintain another myth; in the same way, he abolished prophylaxis for the army, ignoring the increase of syphilis which was

bound to follow and which did follow.

He was not allowed to monopolize hypocrisy. Both political parties linked with the Church in all sorts of prohibitions and inhibitions. About the problems of sex they pretend to be doves when in fact they are ostriches.

A Jesuit father took it upon himself to decide where, and for how long, the young were to dance. The Bishops came out against late parties, mixed bathing, night rides, Communism, lipstick and legs. The list of censored books previous to the war already exceeded a thousand. Shaw, Wells, Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Liam O'Flaherty, John dos Passos, Havelock Ellis, James Huneker, Sinclair Lewis, Richard Aldington, Louis Bromfield, Rupert Hughes, Wyndham Lewis, Henri Barbusse, Arnold Zweig, Stefan Zweig, Sean O'Faolain, Arthur Schnitzler, Sean O'Casey, Robert Cantwell, Erskine Caldwell, John O'Hara, A. J. Cronin, Upton Sinclair, Jules Romains, John Peale Bishop, Stephen Spender, James T. Farrell, Kate O'Brien, Maurice Hindus — these, and ghostly ancients like Anatole France and George Moore, were excluded from the book-borrowing (but seldom book-buying) Irish public. With this specimen of "freedom" in action went the anxious snipping of the films. The fight against birth control lay behind the censorship. It was and is remorseless. Marriage is indissoluble by constitutional provision. The family is pronounced sacrosanct. Woman's place is in the maternity home.

What is the result? De Valera's ideal for Ireland, in his own words, is "a land whose countryside would be bright with cozy homesteads, whose fields and villages would be joyous with the sounds of industry, with the romping of sturdy children, the contests of athletic youths, the laughter of comely maidens; whose firesides would be forums for the wisdom of old age. It would, in a word, be the home of a people living the life that God desires men should live." Well he knows and values, in that simple aspect, Irish genius and traditions, and the magnificent recent collection of Irish folktales would have his sympathy. But what of *facts*?

Agricultural laborers cannot have "sturdy children" on five dollars a week for wages. And who is to breed these "athletic youths"? The Irish bachelors marry later than any other bachelors in Europe. They want to limit their families in this way, since birth control is forbidden. Insanity is oppressively and exaggeratedly high. As for the sexual morbidity, I can testify from my own observation as a juror in Wicklow, where I lived from 1929 to 1937, that De Valera closes his eyes to facts. During quarter sessions, the panel had these cases to try: first, a village girl accused of throwing her new-born baby out of a railway carriage; second, a seller of soda-water charged with homosexuality on twenty counts, pleading guilty; third, a village elder accused of criminal assault on two children under twelve, pleading guilty; fourth, a romping athletic

youth, accused of raping a girl under sixteen, found guilty. In Clare, at the same time, the judge had so many sex cases, in De Valera's own stronghold, that he called it the Dirty Assize. Rape, infanticide, homosexuality, even incest, crop up over the country. De Valera's refusal to issue the Crimes Report was his answer.

The same attitude colors education.

To be successfully totalitarian in a country where at least two-fifths of the voters stand against you is not possible without a Gestapo or an OGPU. But the first steps are to cut off general education. This is in progress. European history, for example, is completely suppressed in the nationwide system of secondary education as from the year 1500 to the year 1789. Such a deliberate omission is only one of the monstrosities that Catholic national mythology demands. De Valera himself has unflinchingly and publicly pronounced against higher learning after eighteen, except vocational. This is perfidy to civilization, of course. Another monstrosity is the bonus of 10 per cent given to candidates who use Irish. It must be pointed out with satisfaction that when De Valera had serious eye trouble he did not look around for a Gaelic-speaking oculist. He went to a Zurich specialist. But the country that is "bright with cozy homesteads" is not bright with Zurich oculists.

In consequence of this insufficient diet of national myth, the Irish people rebel not merely against the slim diet but against the country itself. And

they grow disillusioned with their legends. The priests nibble away at freedom; the national myth is made more Catholic. And the climax of this policy has now been reached, by which Catholics are being forced to boycott the sole European institution in educational Ireland — Trinity College, Dublin.

With this, and the grouping of fifty powerful societies of all kinds, into one Gaelic bund, "all bound by the one link, the language," De Valera has created the structure on which he bases his hopes for the future.

The Church is with him. "I plead," said the Archbishop of Tuam at Ballyhaunis a few weeks ago, "I plead for a return to which I will call Irish life. As a nation, why can we not have our own language holding sway, our own games, our own music — in short, our own literature and culture? This is all the more necessary when one considers the bad influences at work to undermine our position as a nation."

One can only be glad that, so far, there is no Himmler.

VI

Until recently, due to Ireland's stubborn sense of reality, De Valera did not have a clear majority in the Dail. He now has one, thanks to the U. S. State Department. If our State Department wanted the neutral De Valera to tighten his hold on the people, it certainly used the right method when it told him to hand his Axis diplomats their walking papers.

The Irish people were flurried by the rumor that Washington had sent an ultimatum. Then De Valera revealed how he had stood up to Washington. He promptly called an election and was rewarded with patriotic votes. He still had two-fifths solidly against him, but he won votes from the farmers and labor. He owes it to Washington that he has a clear majority, modest but comfortable.

So he remains on top. He'll be there at the peace conference. He'll renew his argument on partition with the statesmen who framed the Atlantic Charter. He'll begin again with Winston Churchill. But do you suppose that 800,000 Protestants in Northern Ireland ache for De Valera's brand of freedom? Do the southern Catholics ache for it? If they do, why do they emigrate?

They emigrate because Eire for them is not a blackboard on which theorems have to be demonstrated, but a living, struggling human community that is not alone in the world. In answer to the pressure of the United Nations about war criminals, De Valera rigidly asserted "the right of asylum." That showed his undoubted skill as a pedant, able to demonstrate a theorem, but it also showed his crass limitations as a leader. Churchill, with all his faults, adjusts Britain to the United States and Russia in its hour of supreme trial. De Valera, with all his virtues, adjusts Ireland to a blackboard. For want of generous inspiration, the people flee the land and the nation dwindles.

HE COULDN'T GIT PAST SAINT PETER

BY JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

A PO' LIL old demon he live in Hell. He was one of the original demons fell into Hell with Sweet Papa Satan. But he gotten tired of his sin and he looked around and he made some mental resolutions, cause he sure did look around, and the truth is, he really long to be good again. So he go on up to Papa Satan, and he say to Papa Satan, Papa Satan, if I be real good, I mean if I reform, you think maybe I could be pass back into Heaven you think?

Why? What's wrong with Hell?

I don' know, Papa Satan, but I just sorta like to see my Lawd again.

Cain' do it, you is sent up for life. We gon' be here to even after Hell freezes over!

Po' lil old demon, he start in to cry, he say, I don't really wish to be no demon. I wants to be with my Lawd!

Make Satan so sad, he blow he nose, give it a big honk-honk in a blood red banana hanchakiff, cause Satan he ain' so bad, just the preachers that make out like he be. Satan say, Here, little fella, you take this here nickel, you go buy you'self a Co' Cola, see 'f you don' feel somewhat better.

But po' lil demon, he not able to git no Co' Cola, cause he have to use that nickel to buy he some 'lizabeth Pinkerman pink pills, he done gotten

sick, but pills do he no good atall, cause he gotten sicker and more sicker.

So finally, Satan, he heard about it, and he come around with some nasturtiums and water lilies, cause he think flowers is good for sick peoples. Satan he say, Hi, lil demon! How you is? Feelin' better, I hope?

O Papa, I so glad you come over, I so glad you come, because I wish to say goodbye, and you can tell all my brother and sister demons.

What the matter? You cain' tell me goodbye, cause where you go?

I gon' die!

O my God! You cain' do that! We ain't even got a undertaker!

That's alright, I rather be cremated. More like home to me. . . .

But you cain' die, son, you is a demon!

I know, but I convinced of it.

And suh! Satan know hit the true, cause truth stand out in Hell just like a lie do in Heaven. . . . Satan say, My goodness! My goodness! And he so worried he gone up to Heaven and he knock at the gate.

SAINT PETER he say from behind the gate, Who out there?

Who you'self!

Peter say, Don' git fresh with me, young fella, I open this gate and lam

you plum into the middle a next week! And that's just what I gon' do!

So he openin' the gate and bless God! he so surprise he cain' see nothin' but the bright glare offn Satan's brass horns and enamel vest. Peter say, My God! You ain' Satan? That ain' Satan, is it? Praise my Lawd! Lucifer, I sho' is glad to see you! For goodness sake, you come in outa the cold, come on inside, lemme look at you! I sho' is glad to see you. Make you'self to home, just help you'self. Why didn' you tell me who you was, me talkin' my fool head off to a great god like you . . . why didn't you let me know?

Lucifer laugh, he say, You never know when temptation come knock around you' door!

Lawd, Peter laugh, he laugh out loud. He say, Well you know, Satan, we ain' bear you no grudge up here in Heaven, cause you is one of our blood brothers, all the angels is *kin* to you! It's just the people on the Earth that hates you atall. Why you is just like a unusual in-law! But what's the matter with you? You look sorta hangdog! What happen? Bet you come up here to see God about it.

Peter, I'm so worried, that's just what I done done! Cause one a my boys is about to die. It never happen be-fore and I don't know . . . well, to tell you the truth, I be damn if I know what to do about it, cause he really gon' die!

Peter say, Bless my soul! That sho' is too bad, Lucifer. I tell you what you do, you git in this here taxi and you

go see God the Father right now, and you just don' worry none atall, cause my Lawd, he's your friend, and he sho' fix you up right. You see 'f he don't!

And Peter sendin' Satan off up Second Deuteronomy Avenue to God's thousand-story ivory tower, where God live. And that taxi man, you think he assept any fare from Lucifer? No, sir-ree! He say, This a big day, ridin' you, Mista Lucifer!

Well suh, all the servants in God's house when they seen Lucifer, they so happy they all rush out, throw they arms around him, almost smothercate him tryin' to fill him full a hospitality. O Mista Lucifer, sho' is glad to see you! Come right in and take the weight offn you feet, cause you must be tired. And Bo'weevil, the head butler he say, I git Bildad to fix you up a nice cup a hot Lipton's tea. Here, you want a dip a snuff? Got some Copenhagen just outa Durham. . . .

You see? Them people they love Lucifer like a brother, cause angels forgives, it's just these here humans that always holds a grudge. Why, them people love Lucifer so much I bet you old Bo'weevil woulda done give Satan his last dip a snuff. Even if he didn' have no more left!

About that time, God come down from his gymnasium on the 839th floor and he say, Well, well, well! if this ain' like old times! I ain' been so happy to see somebody since Booker T. got back from Tuskegee! Now, 'fore we say anythin' else, will you come have supper with me the Fourth

a July? Will you? Aw, come on now, Satan, you know I want you to come!

Alright, Jehovah, provided you come see me right now.

Why sho', anythin' wrong?

One a my boys gon' die.

I never hear tell the like. I just won't let him die! How come he gon' die?

Cause he grievin' heself to death, say he wants to be back here where he can put in all his time doin' nothin' but look at you.

Well anybody love me that much, I want to help him. How'd he come to be in Hell?

Well, the day of our big battle, he was just a lil angel that stood on the sidelines lookin' at the proclivities, and he start into the Tuxedo Drug Store to git a ice cream cone when the big push began right on that corner, and he was shoved with all my thousands of demons right on over the wall into Hell and he been grievin' about it ever since. Now he say he gon' die if he don' see you!

This story you tell, astound me, Lucifer! Let's go see my lil boy right now! Wait a minute, hey! Bo'weevil! phone up the Eureka Tailor Shop and tell 'em to fix me some clothes for a lil fella . . . how big is he, Lucifer? Oh, he wear about a 13 shirt, and 29 pants! You tell 'em to fix me some clothes that size, Bo'weevil, the Lawd say, he say to Bo'weevil, and tell 'em to git them clothes on board the twelve o'clock train to Hell. And you phone Casey Jones, Bo'weevil, say I wants him to make a special run! You come

with me, Lucifer, we'll walk down Matthew-Mark-Luke-and-John Boulevard until train time.

WELL sir, them two they got down to Hell and they taken the street car down Brimstone Alley, that's the main street in Hell, to where the lil demon was sick.

God say, How you feelin', son?

I feel like I about to expire right now.

What is you' name, son?

Abraham Lincoln Robert E. Johnson!

Well, Abraham, I don' want you to die, cause from all I can learn about you, I need you in Zion town to help me run things. Now, tomorrow mornin', you put on these here new clothes I leavin' here for you and you take the train up to Heaven. Goodbye, Abe Lincoln Robert E. Johnson!

Selah! Jehovah, selah, verily, verily!

Next mornin', lil demon git up and he set there on the side a his bed and confiscate, when in come a flock a demons. One say, What nice shoes! Gimme these here shoes. . . . And another one he say, Lawd, Lawd! can I have these pants! . . . Lil demon, he so busy thinking about my Lawd, he say, Sho' you can have 'em. Gone away and lemme be. And dad burn! You know what? Them damn lil old demons they got all his clothes away from him except his underwear and I be doggone if one of 'em didn' ast him for his drawers and he gin away his drawers. So there he was naked as a jay bird without no feathers.

He put round heself a blanket and he got on board the train up to Zion town. So early it was that nobody seen him atall.

WELL, he went to Saint Peter's gate and he knocked, and Saint Peter he answer, Who is that? Who that!

And he open that gate just a crack and say, What you want?

Will you lemme in? Lil demon got a liddy biddy tee ninecy contralto voice, Saint Peter got a deep bass like a steam roller.

Will you lemme in?

Where's you' passport to git in here?

I ain' got no passport, Mista Gate-keepin' Peter.

Don' call me no gatekeepin' Peter. You cain' flatter me! Where you from? Where's you' home?

I from Hell. . . .

Then you git on back to Hell! No place in heaven for hellions!

And man, I'm telling you, that atmosphere it felt like it was full a exclamation points. Yes suh!

Cause in spite the fact Satan could come and go, after all, he was a genuwine big shot, and ev'body likes to bow down to a big shot.

Right at that moment, up come that flock a demons had on the extry special clothes from God, and Peter he say, Aah, Lawd! They is a nigga somewhere in this woodpile! Y'all can go on in, but the only reason I do it is them clothes! I know they come from God!

And they went on in, and po' lil old demon he gitten sick, he watch 'em wearin' his shoes and sox and BVD's and pants and all, each one got on just one garment, just enough to get by into Zion. Then the daily rush begun of new angels from the Earth, and all day, lil demon watch them new angels registrate. And he stand first on one foot, then on the other foot, and ain' nobody offered him nothin', not even a piece a chewin' gum. Hit come on the night, and Peter say, he say, Go on home, lil demon, gittin' late, you belong in Hell. Gone home!

And suh, Peter lock that gate.

And the cold wind it blowed up a blizzard, got so cold it start freezin'. Sho' God did! Lil demon he wrop he blanket around heself tight as he could git it. But ice come down and rain and snow and sleet, so he git all sloppy, all over. And you know he sick, pretty soon he so cold he pass out, he so cold he faint and just naturally pass out right there where he was.

GOD knows how long he laid there, but away, away off in the night, Satan trampin' around outside the City walls and he stumble over his po' lil demon. Found him in the corner all frozen and cold like he was dead.

So Satan he taken him in his arms and he held him in his arms and sot there under the wall in all that rain and cold and snow and ice and sleet and freezin', and Satan hold his lil demon in his arms. Git so cold he

numb. Numb all over. Nothin' he can do. Too far to walk back to Hell in this black night, so he just stick it out to mornin' comes. And he pretty miserable settin' there, he so damn cold, but he don't allow heself to think of nothin' not even heself except that lil demon, he say, Po' lil demon! I so sorry, so sorry! Po' lil old demon.

Just afore daybreak, out come my Lawd Jesus, he got a lantern in he hand and he ferret around in all that blizzard unto he find po' Satan up against the wall half dead with that lil demon. Satan sounda sleep he so cold.

Jesus go back in the gate, he cain' find no taxi nowhere, all he git is a old man on a wood wagon with a old bag-a-bone horse.

So he and the old man they pile Satan into the crotchety wagon and driven fast as they could up Second Deuteronomy Avenue through that stultifyin' cold, and they all so cold they almost dead right there drivin' along. Cold as Hell around Zion town that time a mornin'!

My Lawd God, he met 'em at the door and rush 'em up to the E-mer-

gency First Aid Room on the 247th floor. Put 'em to bed.

And they work a long time over Satan, have to pour some strong whiskey down him to bring him around, finally, he snap out of it, he cheers up and he feel somewhat better. God he say, What happen? Lucifer say, Some of my boys played a trick on that lil demon. They took advantage of his generosity and got into Heaven on the false pretenses. And they rubber neck around Zion town here unto they got hongry and then they taken the night train down to Hell. And I sentenced 'em to refuellin' Vesuvius without asbestos for six months. Then I come up here to look for my boy.

And Satan say, How is he?

Jesus say, He stone dead!

Satan say, Aw, Lawd! Aw, Lawd!

And I just want you to know that old Gatekeeping Saint Peter sho' did catch hell from Jehovah. And after that, they was not ever anybody turned away unto after they had been taken into the Identification Room and gone through a investigation. Cause My Lawd God he say he don' want no more people freezin' to death at his gate by proxy.



*T*HE secret of tiring and disgusting is to say all that can be said.

— VOLTAIRE

WHY ENGLAND IS WOOING RUSSIA

BY ANDRE VISSON

MANY Americans are shocked and worried by the threatened revival of the dreaded and dangerous "power-politics." They are increasingly concerned over the dynamite-loaded consequences of the British and the Soviet conceptions of the postwar world. They see behind the blueprints of British and Soviet new "security zones" those same "zones of influence" that for centuries have been the breeding places of so many conflicts. They believe that in spite of our unfortunate experience in appeasing Nazi Germany, Britain is once more stalling for time by appeasing the Soviet Union, and they see nothing in this new appeasement but seeds of a new world conflagration.

When these American apprehensions are discussed with responsible British diplomats, they gently shrug their diplomatic shoulders and say, "Those who criticize us do not always understand the real reasons for our policy. Those American critics who accuse us of being 'immoral' or 'short-sighted' are themselves responsible

for our policy. They want us to take a firmer attitude toward the Soviet Union, but they are unwilling to make commitments without which we cannot adopt this firmer attitude. If you want to understand our policy, let us honestly examine together the whole world situation."

After the last war there were five first-rate powers — the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan; and three weakened, disorganized, but potentially great powers — Germany, Russia and China. This time there will be only three unquestionably great powers — the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Two European countries will remain as potentially great powers — France and Germany.

But while France will be favored by support from her English-speaking allies who will be eager to see her recover her prewar status, Germany, most unfortunately, will enjoy a double advantage over France — in manpower and in "horsepower." True enough, if the United States, the

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Soviet Union and Great Britain agree on Germany's postwar status, they hope to control German "horsepower," but such control can last only a relatively short time. There is, indeed, no way of preventing Germany from escaping the Allied economic shackles by some revolutionizing scientific discoveries. And there is no way, short of the sterilization of all Germans, of definitely eliminating the potential danger of increasing German manpower. The British cannot ignore the distressing fact that German manpower was two and a half times as great as French manpower in 1940, and will be proportionately still greater in 1970. French manpower, so badly decimated by two wars, will be numerically inferior to that of Germany for untold years to come.

As to China, she is, despite her enormous manpower, still a long, long way from that official status of "great power" which the Allies granted her as a token of their gratitude for her seven years' fight against the Japanese aggressors. In our age of industrial warfare, as long as China's horsepower does not keep pace with her manpower, she will be a "great power" only by the courtesy of her allies.

The ideal of British foreign policy, affirm British officials, is still collective security, which has always been advocated by Mr. Anthony Eden. Collective security, however, can be achieved only if the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain agree on the postwar international security organization. A first step towards this

organization was made at Dumbarton Oaks. But there is still no guarantee that the final blueprint of a really efficient security organization with adequate coercive machinery will be acceptable both to the United States and to the Soviet Union. The British cannot forget or ignore the fact that both the United States and the Soviet Union believe they have an "alternative policy," should it prove impossible to reach an agreement on international co-operation.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union can try, as a substitute for the ideal international collective security, a "home-grown" security — the building and mending of their own fences with their own materials and without depending on outside assistance. Such security, believe the British, is an illusion which both Americans and Russians will discover to be very costly. The British cannot indulge in such an illusion themselves. They know that after this war there will no longer be any "home-grown" security for them, as there was no "home-grown" security for France after World War I. Should the international security organization prove impossible, the British are convinced they must have an effective alternative policy of their own.

II

A failure to reach an agreement among the Big Three on postwar security would place Great Britain in an extremely difficult and delicate

situation. Unable to assure her security by her own means of defense, Great Britain would have to look to both the United States and the Soviet Union for support. But which of these two powers will, in the postwar period, be of more immediate importance to Great Britain from a strictly realistic point of view?

It is hardly necessary to recall that politically, socially, spiritually, linguistically and racially Great Britain has closer bonds with the United States than with the Soviet Union. It is, therefore, the more surprising to hear some responsible British officials frankly declare that should an international security system prove impossible, the primary objective of British diplomacy will be to develop and consolidate her present alliance with the Soviet Union.

The British justify their surprising attitude in this manner. They cannot forget that America, twice in the same generation, came to their rescue, but neither can they forget that the basic trend of American public opinion in this war was to help the British without getting involved in the fighting. America would have remained neutral until the very end had there been no Pearl Harbor, many, if not most, of the British believe. Optimists in London say that England is perfectly protected by her "unwritten alliance" with the United States, which has passed the test of two wars and which has been reinforced by Roosevelt's re-election to a fourth term. Pessimists, on the other hand, remark that

nobody can predict what America's foreign policy will be in 1948, should Roosevelt fail to achieve a general security system, and they recall that in this war only exceptionally favorable circumstances allowed the American alliance to develop into an active military partnership. If Hitler, in the fateful summer of 1941, had directed the formidable force of his military machine against the British Isles, instead of attacking the Soviet Union, American lend-lease and other tokens of American sympathy and assistance might have become wreaths on the casket of the British Empire. But both optimists and pessimists in London agree that England has nothing to fear from a wholly nationalistic non-Allied United States, while a wholly nationalistic non-Allied Soviet Union might constitute a real and serious danger.

Only the extent and perhaps the character of American assistance would be a problem. The British cannot give up their hope that even isolationist America could not completely ignore the necessity of defending the "Atlantic security zone" in which the British Isles are a first-line bastion.

There are no similar hopes in British hearts when they look in the direction of Moscow. Like the United States, the Soviet Union became Britain's ally only after she was attacked. But there is a very substantial difference. The United States before Pearl Harbor was Britain's best and most helpful friend. The Soviet Union, before Hitler's attack, was tied to Nazi Germany by a non-aggression

pact that redounded to the benefit of Britain's enemy. Thus a "neutral" Soviet Union could become a potential enemy as well as an ally. The great objective of British diplomacy is, therefore, not to let the Soviet Union revert, after the war, to her former status of unfriendly neutrality.

If no international security is established, the world will find itself once more in the state of an "armistice," as it did between the two World Wars. It will be imperative for Britain to extend this armistice as long as possible. This, say the British, can be achieved only so long as Moscow believes that it would be more advantageous for her to maintain the armistice than to break it. And it is to convince Moscow of their desire to co-operate with her during the armistice period, that the British are most anxious to preserve their military alliance with the Soviet Union.

To this fundamental determinant of the British approach toward the Soviet Union must be added, explain British officials, another most important consideration: the impossibility for the British further to practice their traditional policy of supporting the "second strong" nation on the Continent. Postwar France will be militarily too weak to constitute any appreciable element in a balance of power combination in which the Soviet Union would be on the other end of the balance. As to Germany, it would be most risky to use her as a potential factor in any combination. Who could guarantee, indeed, that

a Germany, rehabilitated and reconstructed with British — and indirectly American — assistance, would not try to go her own way, lured once more by the same aims that Kaiser Wilhelm and Hitler failed to achieve? And there is a very great danger that should England ever try to use Germany in a power-politics game, the Soviet Union, which, with her "Union of German Officers," has some good cards up her sleeve, might easily outsmart and outspeed Great Britain.

Having realized the difficulty of practicing their traditional policy of supporting the "second strong" nation on the Continent, the British desire to organize Western Europe, considered by them as their "security zone," in such a way as to strengthen their economic, financial and military position, but which would not be suspected by Moscow as potentially directed against the Soviet Union.

In this organization of Western Europe, France would be the keystone and would be incorporated with the Low Countries, later possibly joined by other Western European countries in the British economic and financial grouping. This idea, bluntly and most undiplomatically expressed by Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts in November 1943, hurt the French in their national pride and provoked suspicions in Belgian and Dutch circles, as well as in Washington and Moscow. Nevertheless, British diplomats have intelligently worked in that direction, and a certain progress was regis-

tered during the Churchill and Eden November visit to Paris, which succeeded the visit of Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak to London. The final success of this British diplomatic undertaking in Western Europe depends, however, on Stalin's acceptance of it, and to obtain it the British had to give him the green light for his organization of Eastern Europe.

They could not ignore the fact that Stalin, with growing Communist nuclei in many Western European countries, is much more influential in Western Europe than England is in Eastern Europe. "There can be no security in Western Europe unless there is also security in Eastern Europe, and security in Eastern Europe is buttressed by the military power of Russia," said the London *Times* editorially when Mr. Eden went to Washington in March 1943.

III

The British are consequently determined to develop by every means their military alliance with the Soviet Union. Let us recall the generally little-known origins of this alliance.

Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov, arriving in London in June 1942, suggested to Mr. Eden that Moscow would consider as certain evidence of British good-will the British recognition of the "incorporation" of the three little Baltic republics into the Soviet Union. Mr. Eden explained to his Soviet colleague that a blunt acceptance by His Majesty's Govern-

ment of the incorporation of the Baltic republics into the Soviet Union might raise an undesirable and inopportune debate on both sides of the Atlantic on the compatibility of this acceptance with the principles of the Atlantic Charter. At the same time, the British were most anxious to give unquestionable evidence of their good-will toward the Soviet Union and of their desire to assure postwar co-operation with the Soviet Union. Mr. Eden suggested as a pledge of their good-will a twenty-year military alliance. Molotov cabled Eden's proposal to Moscow and received Stalin's authorization to sign the alliance.

But even before signing the alliance, the British had given to Moscow a significant proof of their good intentions, when on December 6, 1941, they declared war upon Finland.

Since then, they have multiplied evidence of their sincere desire to consolidate their alliance with Moscow. Their attitude in the Polish problem is one of the most outspoken expressions of this desire. Long before Messrs. Churchill and Eden went on record declaring that they understood Soviet demands for modification of the Soviet-Polish borders, and that they considered those demands "fair," the British as early as 1942 gave Moscow to understand that they would not object to the "Curzon Line" solution. Later, when Moscow began to put the emphasis not so much on its territorial demands as on the "friendliness" of the Polish Government, the British again sided with the Russians.

They accused those "intransigent" Poles in London, who refused to cede even a yard of 1939 Polish territory, of furnishing Moscow with an opportunity for insisting on a "friendly" Polish Government. The British went so far as to declare that they "understood and sympathized" with the Soviet desire to have "friendly neighbors."

Of course, they became very much annoyed when they discovered that the Soviet diplomatic term "friendly" might have to be translated into English as "puppet." The British cannot forget Poland's plight in this war, nor England's personal indebtedness to 12,000 Polish pilots who participated in the defense of London. They are therefore doing their very best to save as much of Poland's freedom and independence as possible. Churchill and Eden employed all their skill and eloquence in Moscow in trying to work out a compromise which would save—at least partially and temporarily—both Poland's independence and England's face. But anxious as they are to help the Poles and save their own face, the British are still more anxious not to let the vexing Polish problem compromise British-Soviet co-operation.

IV

Another expression of British goodwill toward Moscow is to be found in the Balkans. The British have from the beginning recognized the Soviet zone of "interest" (not to use the ob-

jectionable word "influence") in Rumania and Bulgaria. When they discovered that Moscow was determined to back the Communist Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, they abandoned Mikhailovich whom they had originally supported, and decided that Tito was their friend. They spared no effort in trying to work out a joint British-Soviet—or to be more accurate—Soviet-British policy in Yugoslavia. They hoped that Yugoslavia might become a "shading-off" zone of Soviet interest in the Balkans. All those British concessions to Moscow had two objectives: (1) to convince Moscow of British good intentions in the Balkans; and (2) to obtain Moscow's recognition of Greece as a "zone of British interest."

An understanding to that effect has been reached between the British and the Soviets. It appeared, for a short while, to be endangered by the demands voiced by some Bulgaro-Macedonians in Soviet-occupied Bulgaria, for an outlet on the Greek shores of the Aegean Sea. Churchill and Eden hurried to Moscow. To their great relief the "Balkan problem" was "solved" there within twenty-four hours. The principle of a joint Soviet-British policy was officially maintained in Yugoslavia. The Bulgars were ordered to evacuate immediately the parts of Greece that they had occupied. A Soviet army, stationed on the Greek-Bulgarian border, did not enter Greece. And Greece as a "zone of British interest" was fully recognized by Moscow.

Churchill returned to London — “glad to inform the House that British relations with Soviet Russia were never more close, intimate and cordial.” Four days later, his enthusiasm conflicted sharply with the concern, barely concealed in British diplomatic circles in Washington and in London, over Soviet policy in Iran, where British interests are much more vital than in Greece.

The supreme objective of British foreign policy is to protect the communication lines of the Empire all over the globe and the oil fields in the Middle East. The British need Greece for the protection of their communication lines in Eastern Mediterranean. Air and naval bases on the Greek mainland, added to bases in the Dodecanese Islands, Crete and Cyprus will assure this protection and defend the sea approaches to the Near Eastern oil fields. But Iran is itself a communication line and the most important land route of the British Empire. It has, moreover, some of the richest oil fields owned by the British.

They worked out once, in 1907, a classical “zone of influence” agreement with Russia on Iran, then called Persia. This agreement closed a century-old rivalry. But with the Soviet revolution, the agreement was ended. The British moved across Persia to occupy the Caucasian oil fields of Baku, and when they had been pushed out from Baku by the Soviet forces, Persia became once more the main battleground for sharply conflicting British and Soviet interests.

This reopened rivalry in Iran was suspended when in August 1941 the Soviet and British forces, in common agreement, moved into Iran to occupy, respectively, the northern and southern provinces of the strategically important country. They pledged to respect Iran’s integrity and sovereignty and to withdraw their forces six months after the end of hostilities. This pledge was renewed at the Teheran Conference, and President Roosevelt also subscribed to it.

Iran is the best illustration of the danger which results from the division of the world into “influence” or “security” zones. British and Soviet security zones overlap in Iran. Its northern provinces are for Moscow the most important outposts of the “security zone” for the vulnerable Baku oil fields. Moscow cannot forget that, when in January 1940 London and Paris considered the possibility of a conflict with the Soviet Union, which had then attacked Finland, British and French air raids against the Baku oil fields were planned from Syria, across Iraq and Iran.

Southern Iran is the British security zone. It is the land route from British-controlled Iraq to British India, where the British possess some of their richest oil fields. They are willing to recognize Soviet interest in Northern Iran, provided Moscow will recognize and respect their interest in Southern Iran. They hope that it will be possible to revive after this war the Iranian “zone of influence” agreement of 1907. But then the agreement was between two

empires. Will Moscow's influence in Northern Iran be merely the influence of a great power? Or will it be a "totalitarian" style influence? Will Northern Iran be merely the zone for Moscow's economic influence? Or will it gradually be Sovietized?

The British fervently hope that Stalin's desire for postwar co-operation with Great Britain will be strong enough to induce Moscow to restrict its influence in Northern Iran to a "great power's" interest, without enforcing it by a Soviet régime. They hope that Moscow will withdraw Soviet forces from Northern Iran after the war, and they point out that Moscow can do it without any danger to her security. At the first alarming signal looming on Iran's horizon, Soviet forces stationed on Iran's border could occupy the disarmed country overnight. But Soviet forces withdrawn from Northern Iran would allow the British to withdraw their forces from Southern Iran. And this would be the best — if not the only — possible condition for British-Soviet postwar co-operation in Iran, failure of which would make impossible *any* postwar British-Soviet co-operation.

That is why the British became so concerned by the Soviet moves in Iran in October last — by the Soviet sudden demand for oil concessions and the Soviet organized agitation against the Iranian Premier Mohammed Said, whom Moscow unsaddled as not sufficiently "friendly" when he refused to grant any oil concessions for the duration.

V

Concerned as they are, British diplomats hope, nevertheless, that the alarming tactics of the Soviets in Iran are merely a harsh expression of the fluid policy of Moscow aimed at trying to obtain the maximum possible advantage in postwar Iran, without violating the fundamental British-Soviet agreement on Iran.

The British pin their hopes on Stalin's stark realism. They hope that he is, on the one hand, fully aware of all these concessions they have made or are disposed to make, and that, on the other hand, he is aware that there is a limit to their concessions.

They have given the Soviet Union practically a free hand in all Eastern and Southeastern Europe, with the exception of Greece. The Dardanelles Straits, which for generations have been a tender spot of British-Russian diplomacy, have lost their former importance for both the British and the Soviets in this age of aviation, with Soviet influence well established in the Balkans. The British will not object therefore to the revision of the postwar status of the Straits, should Moscow desire it. They are even prepared to give further evidence of their good-will toward the Soviet Union. Should the coming Federation of Southern Slavs—including Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—insist, with Moscow's backing, on a free commercial outlet to the Aegean Sea, the British would not object to it, provided the outlet would be strictly commer-

cial. They might even consider, under certain circumstances, Moscow's demand for an access to a free commercial port on the Persian Gulf.

But as much and as sincerely as the British desire to assure the postwar co-operation of the Soviet Union, they cannot make any concession that would endanger the protection of the vital and permanent objectives of their foreign policy: the Empire's communications and oil.

That is the limit of the British concessions — a limit most easily discernible in Iran. Stalin has been informed about it, and the British hope that he will respect this limit. What would happen, however, if Stalin, contrary to British hopes, should ignore the limit and ask for more than the British can concede to him?

The British do not overlook this danger, but it is not in the traditions of British diplomacy to prepare in advance definitive and rigid solutions for problems which may or may not arise. Right now they are concentrated on a most important problem. They want to assure Stalin that they sincerely desire to co-operate with him after the war even if the general security system should fail for some reasons beyond British control. If they convince Stalin of the desirability of this co-operation, they will win time — and time, they say, might help to dissipate old Soviet suspicions of British policies and transform the temporary Soviet-British co-operation into a lasting one.

They protest, therefore, against the

qualification of their policy as "appeasing." It is, they say, a policy of "reasonable concessions," with a well established limit. They view, moreover, at the present time — and they are most anxious to emphasize it — their policy as a "regional arrangement" within the framework of the expected "international security system."

Only should this international system prove impossible to realize, would the British-Soviet alliance be developed into Britain's alternative policy. The present foreign policy of the United States, the endorsement of the Dumbarton Oaks blueprint by the Republican Party, and President Roosevelt's re-election strengthen the British hope that no such "fire-escape" will ever be used. But, insist the British, as long as an important part of American public opinion is more lavish in criticisms than in commitment, they cannot consider the proposed shelter of "international security" a completely "fire-proof" and they want, therefore, to have their private "fire-escape." This, they say, is their protection against potential American isolationism, and especially against the much more dangerous Soviet "isolationism." American isolationism should it ever recur, would be conservative and static. Soviet "isolationism" would be revolutionary and aggressive. And long before the United States might feel its danger in China, Great Britain would be hurt by it in the Balkans, in the Near East and, particularly, in Iran.

MURIEL

A Story

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

FROM the start, everything went a little wrong that Saturday. She did catch the streamliner, but for the first forty miles she had to stand in the train aisle and be eyed and brushed against by passersby, who were mostly men in uniform.

A soldier in the forward end of the coach, who did not have a seat either, played the cut-up and amused the car by calling out stations and making announcements in imitation of the conductor. He greatly embarrassed Muriel by beginning to intone, "Calling all blondes. Calling all blondes. A prize package to the prettiest blonde in the car." He advanced down the train aisle, a brimful cup of water in his hand, swaying with the motion of the train and smiling fatuously, while everyone watched.

Muriel felt the color rising but she fought down her embarrassment and annoyance and decided that in the circumstances she had to hold onto her temper and behave graciously. The soldier presented the cup of water ceremoniously to a little girl in a plaid

jumper four seats ahead of Muriel and stood the child on the chair arm for all the car to see. "The prettiest blonde in the car," he chanted. "The winner," and tipped up the paper cup while the child drank.

Muriel thanked heaven that she had kept her tongue between her teeth and hoped that the new black beret with the forward brim covered her hair sufficiently so that the soldier would not notice it. Her hair was a pale glimmering yellow, like dying poplar leaves, and she wore a soft green jacket and skirt with a yellow sweater. Muriel thought of herself as having a fresh, scrubbed, soap-and-water look, with gold-bowed, rimless glasses, hexagon-shaped, very neat, very capable, and that was the way she wanted to be, and no attentions from strangers, thank you.

When she did get a seat, the soldier beside her insisted on reciting imbecilic jokes. Muriel was well-disposed toward soldiers, because of Harold, but she decided that this soldier could never have gotten through sixth grade

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—at least not the way she taught sixth grade at Farbright. To get rid of him, she had to curl up and pretend to go to sleep.

As soon as she did that, she began thinking of Harold. She wondered whatever had made him write the letter. "There are times when you say that you love me (Muriel knew the paragraph, every word) and I know that I love you beyond the shadow of a doubt, but we have been engaged now for more than three years, ever since the evening of the day that Mr. Vassar promoted me to be junior teller, and we aren't married yet. It seems to me that two people who are in love ought to get married. If you will pardon my French, I say we have been too G.D. sensible. Either that or there is something radically wrong. It seems to me we should either marry or break off." He hadn't stood to that long. "Very well," she wired, "let's break off," and that night he was on the long distance, assuring her that he hadn't meant what he said and frantically imploring her to come for a weekend to talk matters over. She shouldn't have sent such a curt telegram, she knew, but at the time she couldn't help herself. The ultimatum riled her; she had to counter that way. At any rate she was coming, and half-dreaded the meeting. What was there to say? He had been in training for a year now and admitted he might be shipped out on a moment's notice. The sensible thing was so obvious.

She got off the train with her suit-

case and there was no one on the platform except the discharging passengers and a few redcaps. Suddenly she had a brisk excited feeling. She hurried up the ramp but Harold was not in the waiting crowd. He had warned her in his letter that he probably could not meet the train, and had given the most explicit directions, but even so, there had been that instant of brimming choking expectancy, in which she could have thrown herself into his arms in the craziest, giddiest, most uninhibited way in the world. And now the moment had passed because Harold was not there. She opened her purse and read Harold's directions again. Then, carrying her suitcase, she followed the illuminated signs to the taxi-loading platform.

An ugly, smash-nosed energetic man in a broken-brimmed starter's cap motioned her into the second taxi in line. Muriel started to get in but there was a man in the taxi. "It's all right," hurried the energetic man. "Have to double up. He's going north too."

"I'll wait," Muriel insisted and rescued her suitcase. After twenty minutes the rush had thinned and Muriel found a cab to herself.

II

At the hotel, in accordance with Harold's instructions, Muriel informed the clerk that she had a reservation. The clerk thumbed through the cards. "Muriel Blandin?" he asked

"Yes."

"Did you want a single or a double room?"

"A single room," Muriel said sharply, and the clerk asked her to register. While she was writing, Muriel had been puzzling to herself. "Doesn't my reservation specify a single room?" he asked. "Won't you look, please?"

"No," the clerk said brusquely, looking at both sides of the card. "No." Muriel decided that it was very strange.

Her room was on the sixteenth floor and was nice enough, except for a cigarette burn in the carpet.

She unpacked her two dresses, shook out and smoothed them, and hung them on hangers on the shower-curtain rod. She turned on the hot water and closed the bathroom door to let the dresses freshen in the steam. It was a quarter to five then. She called the desk and asked if Mr. Harold Downing had checked in. He had not. She verified that Harold had a reservation too. She had hesitated to ask about Harold while registering herself. She sat on the chair arm and stared from the one window, and a feeling of the most desolate loneliness and lostness came over her. Harold would never come. A man would come who would be like Harold, and she would distrust him instantly, and the more he tried to honey up to her, forcing her into his arms and bobbing at her with his kisses, the more uncontrollably she would feel that he was a stranger, and by and by she would lose her temper and order him away.

She wished she had never come. Whatever happened, she mustn't let seeing Harold rob her of her better judgment. Because that could happen too. Harold sometimes had a very strange effect. Without in the least wanting to, she stopped being herself, Muriel Blandin, teacher of Farbright sixth grade, and became a new person. Her sense of discipline, of efficiency and independence seemed to break up and topple like icebergs that have drifted too far into southern currents. The new person was docile, comfortable, expectant. Harold had had that effect, not for long perhaps, and never predictably, but any relaxation was dangerous, especially now. There were so many reasons. A girl surrendered her freedom, and for what? An absent husband was only a responsibility. She was afraid of the war, of becoming involved further in its cruelty and heartbreak. As her landlady said, it didn't make sense, marrying and separating. Every time you see him, it upsets you, makes mincemeat of your feelings. It couldn't be a marriage — why pretend it was?

The longer she sat there, the worse she felt, the more impossible it all became; but she didn't want to go out, she didn't want to budge, until she heard from Harold. When she looked again, it was ten minutes past six and she decided to risk a shower.

She dressed slowly and chose the black rayon-velvet semi-formal with the net ruching and the sweetheart neckline. When she had finished, she turned out the light and stood again.

by the window. It was a quarter to seven. Of course it was not Harold's fault. Orders — soldiers lived by orders. He wasn't coming. The wire that very instant was lying on Mrs. Towles' hall console table in Farbright. All weekend passes had been cancelled. She should have left Mrs. Towles the name of her hotel, but at the time it seemed too confidential.

III

When she turned, the room behind her had faded like an underexposed print. "This will get me down," she said aloud. "I ought to turn on the light." In the light the time went more slowly and it was easier to be angry. To keep from being angry at Harold, she deliberately made herself angry at the colonel. She did not know Harold's colonel, or his name, or even whether Harold had a colonel, but she gave the colonel a piece of her mind. He had no right to cancel Harold's pass after she had traveled all this way. Pompous, heartless people like the colonel ordering other people around, disrupting their plans and interfering with their lives. After she had squelched the colonel, she found that it was seven o'clock. Harold's directions said that if he had not telephoned by then, she should have her dinner downstairs without waiting for him. She informed the phone operator that she was in the dining room, and ate a slow, lonely dinner.

She was back in the room and it was ten minutes to eight when Harold

telephoned. "You're there?" he asked shouting excitedly as if he had never talked into a telephone before. "You're there? I just got in. I don't want to talk on the telephone. I'll be there in twenty minutes. Hold everything."

Muriel thoroughly disapproved of her own restlessness, pacing and roving about, worrying at her hair and popping up at the mirror. She anchored herself by the window, determinedly timing the moon's tedious emergence from behind the water tank. Twenty minutes, thirty, forty minutes went by and she was still debating whether she should go down to the lobby to meet Harold, when a knock came at the door. He had not asked permission to come up. She wrenched off her glasses and unbolted the door, and quicker than thought they were in each other's arms.

"Pudge," he said, and held her tight, close, enfolded, while recognition ran in her as warm and undeniable as her own blood. This was Harold and no stranger. He held her so long that she wondered if he had forgotten to kiss her. His mouth snuggled into her neck, he kissed her lips briefly, and held her again. "Honey," he said, and laughed deep down, almost like the purring of a cat. Then he kissed her again and was suddenly rough and frantic and battering and finally he kissed her with slow, famished possessiveness. "I'm still a fool for raspberry lipstick," he said, and when she tried to tease him with a flying quick kiss she met his laughing open mouth.

They stood in front of the window, niling at each other, holding fingers, "I'm getting to be an old man, Pudge, weary old bachelor."

"Don't call me Pudge," Muriel ordered and pretended to punish him by squashing his toe with her high heel. "You've no basis to call me Pudge," she said and revolved trimly in front of him.

"You devil," he admired. "You now you're beautiful. You know you make Private-first-class Downing feel like a one-eyed potato cull on the way to the garbage. Stand still." He walked round her, touched the dress dressingly.

"You can see the marks of your buttons in the velvet," she said.

He ruffled away the marks with the tips of his fingers. "Those aren't permanent," he complained and abruptly seized her by the shoulders, shook her, suddenly taut and frightening. "It's strong, gripping fingers hurt her shoulders. 'I want to give you scars at you'll have all your life,'" he said vaguely. "Something that won't rub it. Something to remember me by."

"Harold, don't, please."

He shivered and released her, backing away from her, and sat down on the foot of the bed. "It's your fault," he said roughly. "For God's sake, put your glasses or something."

"Where are we going, Harold?"

"What do you want to do?" Very liberately he lay back on the bed, his head under his head, legs hanging over the footboard.

"It seems to me," Muriel said,

troubled by his lazy reclining body, by the strange effect he had, "we have so little time really, I'd rather be where we can talk. I don't want to do anything else."

"Good. Give me a merit mark, teacher."

"Why?"

"I knew if you had to spend an evening talking to me in a hotel room, you'd have the heeby-jeebies. I've got a car downstairs. That's why I was delayed after 'phoning you. I've rented a car and if you'll stop being a princess and put on some school-teacher duds we'll go riding."

"Why, Harold. I could kiss you. Sit up and I will."

"It's not worth it," said Harold. "This is the first bed — I mean mattress and springs —"

Muriel bent over him, interrupted, kissed him swiftly. He caught her arms.

"No," she said resolutely and he let her go.

"I'll go down in the lobby and wait for you."

"You don't have to. I'll change in the bathroom."

"Good."

IV

The car was a coupé much like Harold's old one, but as soon as they were in motion they missed the clank of Harold's broken muffler pipe.

"Where are we going?"

"Engle Park."

In forty minutes they had entered

the park. The boulevard was wide and made lazy curves. There was a macadamized drive-in overlooking the lake and Harold drove to the white, barred fence and cut his lights. The lop-sided moon was molten as silver and all the dark geography showed and the moonlight babbled on the ripples of the lake. Harold opened the left-hand door, stepped out, walked round the car, and re-entered it on the right. This was a ritual. Muriel moved to the left and snuggled down, her head on Harold's crossed knees, her feet curled on the seat underneath the steering wheel.

She bounded up again and pulled off her beret and tucked it between the spokes of the wheel. Then she squirmed back. "This is like home," she said. "This is like back of the grandstand at Farbright." She held out her hand close to the windshield, palm upward, and clutched at the moonlight. "Better even," she said, "with moonlight. It always seems as if you can catch it but you never can."

He held her closely in his arms and kissed her, her lips and her eyes, the sides of her nose, the temples, deep in her ears, her throat down to the yellow sweater. He nosed in her hair. When he came back to her eyes again, she was crying.

"Why, honey," he said.

"It's nothing."

"You're sure?"

"I couldn't have cried in that hotel room. I'd have wanted to but I couldn't have. That's the difference,

you see. This is our own house."

He trailed the tears, nibbling an kissing.

"Harold, whatever made you writ that letter?"

He kissed her lingeringly before he answered. "I was owly," he confessed. "I got so goddam low in the mout and owly that I lost my head and wrote it. As soon as I mailed it, I knew it was a mistake. A movie set me off. In this movie, a girl, a nice girl, falls in love with a deserter and insists on marrying him after she knows he's a deserter and will be court-martialed. That movie worked on me for days. I kept thinking, that girl would marry him, wouldn't you marry me? Then I decided you would, only I had to be firm about it. Then that firm idea worked on me." Harold stroked her moon-blanchd hair and hooted sarcastically at himself. "I knew at the time I shouldn't tackle you that way, but I got so upset and owly that it seemed the thing to do. Of course I never meant the part about breaking off — not for one minute. I guess I was off my nut, honey. That's really what happened."

"I didn't understand it."

"Of course you didn't. I never should have done it." He stroked the soft hair at her temple and with the other hand sought out her finger. "I apologize." He kissed the temple. "You see, honey, I know it's my own fault as much as yours — more, probably — that we haven't gotten married. I always thought I was a f

ighted cuss, and there was my mother to consider, and the bank, and then we both always pretended to be so all-fired sensible. But I've changed, honey. That's the real thing. The closer you get to this business, the more you change. I haven't told you, but I've had a little, well, bad luck maybe. You won't remember, but my first summer out of high school worked with a surveying outfit as a roadman. That was down on my card. After they assigned me to the artillery, the card turned up, and they've put me in a surveying detail. That means we go up front, ahead of the artillery, and locate and survey the enemy's batteries, dumps, positions. In other words, you have to expose yourself. The instrumentman usually gets it first. I'm not the instrumentman but I might have to take his place. They say he average for a surveyor is a time and a half to the front."

Through her an unexpected anguish, needle-sharp, startled and radiated. "Oh, no," she protested.

"We all kid and say we're not going up for the half time. It isn't that I'm cared exactly — not yet — but the closer you get to this thing the more it affects you."

The new pain clung, searching and enacious. She took his hand. "No," he said, "no."

"I've changed, honey. I guess it's mostly I don't want to go out of this world without you and I — without having had you. Can you understand?"

"Of course I can," she said softly.

"Let's be married, honey."

V

The moment had come. "You think I'm a sensible girl, don't you?" she asked. Firmness tightened her voice, the same firmness with which she gripped his hand. "That I decide everything with my head?"

"Let's surprise ourselves. Let's do it without fussing."

"I say I'm sensible but it isn't true," she insisted. Honesty and a formidable resolute clarity absorbed her. "I decide everything by my feelings. After you telephoned me at the hotel I had two feelings. One was like the feeling when I sent you that awful wire and it said I should go downstairs and meet you in the hotel lobby so we would have to be very restrained. The other feeling was the opposite. It said to wait for you in the room. And while my feelings were debating, why, you came, and that was right for me too. You gave me the marvelous feeling I wanted. But you see how contradictory it is," she cried. "When you give me good feelings I love you, and if you didn't — that would be bad, wouldn't it?"

"But everyone is that way, honey. As long as the good feelings come, you're in love. And you did wait for me in the hotel room, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. But darling, you only give me good feelings when you're with me. Why don't I mope and fret when you're away? Why do I have to be with you to love you? When I'm lying here like this, warm and snug, of course I want to be married to you.

But Monday, when the bell-rings for school at Farbright, will I then? By myself, I'm too independent. You see, darling, loving you does something for me that I want very much. It takes me out of myself, softens me, lets me stop being a stiff, cranky little school teacher. That's why I want it, darling, why I want to marry you. I'm tired of me — alone. But we've got to be together. I need you there to help me change — all the time. Getting married for a weekend or a furlough is just an affair. That won't do what I want. I can't get up any enthusiasm for this other — this compromise."

"You can't have everything," he said anxiously. "Not any more." He kissed her, gently at first. "You love me," he said. "When I'm with you, I know it. You mustn't have doubts. The doubts are school-teacher foolishness." His arms tightened around her. "Leave things to me. I can take care of anything. I can make your feelings right." He kissed her, still gentle. "Deep down, I can't bear to think of you there in Farbright, with the school bell ringing in the morning, unless you're married to me. I resent everything else. If I'm hurt I want you to be hurt. If I'm killed, I want you almost to die." His fingers wrenched in her flesh. "We haven't had enough of each other: I want to put you beyond ever forgetting me. I want to make you another part of me, feeling and hurting with me."

"You do, darling."

"We must. We've got to. You waited for me in the hotel room. You

called this car our house. You say that you love me —"

She put up her hand and drew down his head. "I do love you," she said. A fury of affirmation, of protectiveness and pain swept over her and she kissed him passionately.

VI

There was the scrunch of tires on macadam and another car crowded beside them on the left side. Before they could part, a three-inch flashlight poured into the car, arrogant and blinding. Muriel screamed and sprang upright. Under his breath, Harok swore. "It's a police car," he muttered.

The windows in the squad car rolled down slightly while the flashlight beam searched the coupé. "You can't park here," growled a hoarse voice. "You'll have to move on."

Muriel wrenched open the car door. The flashlight watched her knees as she slid out. Then it was thrown in her face.

"Turn that light off," she commanded, sharp and incisive. The angle within her clashed like cymbals. "You heard me. Turn it off."

The beam tossed in the air and the light went off and she saw the bulk of two policemen in the squad car.

"What do you mean by this?" she demanded imperiously.

"You can't park here, sister."

"There's no sign forbidding it."

"Take my word for it, lady. You can't park here."

"Where can we park?"

One of the policemen laughed. "That's your problem," said the voice hoarsely.

"You make me sick. You make me good and sick. Two big grown men, turning up gas and tires and snooping with a flashlight. Why don't you do something worthwhile with your time? I've come three hundred miles to see my fiancé! He's a soldier. We rented this car to have a quiet, decent, private place in which to talk, and then you come along with your nasty, evil minds and that awful flashlight. You make me sick, literally sick. It's people like you, going around in uniforms, that are ruining this world, ruining the lake and the moonlight, making this a world where decent, respectable girls are driven to hotels and having affairs instead of the things they really want. Why do you make everything so sordid and trashy?"

"Wait a minute, lady. Calm down. You say you're with a soldier?"

Harold stepped out of the car.

The two officers whispered together. "This spot is pretty prominent," the hoarse voice complained. "We have our orders, you know. If you'll follow us, we'll show you where you can park. We apologize, lady."

"I should think you would."

"Thank you, sir," Harold said.

Muriel's fists were still clenched. He got in the car and pressed her fists between her thighs and shivered. The harder ground in her, brutal and tearing, like stones in a sack.

The police car whirled and Harold "wed. It stopped beyond a wooden

barrier blocking a side road that led down the wooded peninsula. One of the officers got out of the car and lifted the barrier to one side. "Go down to the point," he said. "It's nice. Can you be through by three o'clock? My friend and I go off duty at three."

"Long before that," Harold said. "Thank you, officer."

"Not at all," said the officer. "Good luck."

VII

They drove down a dirt road through the trees until they came to the lake again. Harold got out of the left side of the car, chuckling, and opened the door beside Muriel. Instead of sliding over, Muriel stared grimly ahead of her.

"I hate them," she said with icy violence. "I hate them."

"Move over, honey."

"I hate everyone that's stronger than we are, that interferes with us." She turned on him with a set, clenched face.

He waited, one foot on the running board. The chuckle died in his throat. "What are you saying?"

"Why have feelings? Feelings are trash. We're trash. Everything's trash."

"Steady." He had squeezed onto the edge of the seat beside her, and slipping his arm around her, tightened his hold.

"Slide over, Pudge. Those are orders."

"Why be decent? Why be anything?"

"Slide," he commanded again, and she moved. He pulled her down into his arms. "Honey, honey," he said. "You're a fierce little bundle. I wouldn't trade you for the end of the war."

"You're not very smart then," Muriel said bitterly. He only teased the hair at her temple. "Here I am," she complained, "myself again. Muriel Blandin, school teacher. I don't like it. I hate it."

"Don't, honey."

"Why not? Don't you want me to be myself?" She threw out her hand at the moonlight, dabbled in the radiance, caught at it. "The way I feel now," she stated, "I could send you that telegram breaking off." The bitterness in her mingled with the remnants of her better judgment, a turmoil of frustration, independence and resentment, that she struggled with. "I've some responsibility toward you," she said harshly. "But I don't want to marry you. Not until you can change me. Not until we can be together — all the time. I don't want to be tied down now, involved. I want this war to leave me alone. That's what I want. Maybe it isn't fair to you —"

She stopped. Harold was queerly still and she realized that her outspokenness pierced him. The hand that had been stroking the hair at her temple had dropped to her shoulder and she felt its heavy abandoned weight. There came a gradual breath and she heard him swallow audibly, stickily.

His hurt and his stricken silence

coerced her. The pressure of responsibility was unrelenting. "A weekend together — a furlough. That can't be a marriage. Why pretend it is?" she flung out, resentful. Then the alternative and escape clearly came to her. "We might go back to the hotel room," she proposed defiantly, her face averted toward the moonlight. "The way things are —"

He waited and she did not finish. He waited and understood her.

"I will," she said, challengingly, as if he had contradicted her.

"No, you won't," he cried indignantly. He put out his hand and roughly gripped her hand flung to the moonlight. "No, you won't," crushing his hand over hers. "You can't be off that way. You'll marry me, Muriel Blandin. Nothing else will do. We must be married. There's a right feeling," he went on softly. "A right time and feeling. I can see so clearly how all must be." He held her close and insisted, "I want all the trimmings, the best and solidest we know how. I want you married to me as tight as the bark on a tree. It's because we will be separated that we must be married. Can you understand that? I want you involved, bound hand and foot. That the way it must be. It's so clear."

"But Harold —"

He put his hand over her mouth. "Be quiet," he commanded. "You've committed yourself too far to back out now. After what you said, you must marry me. I know and you know that it's settled between us."

He kissed her and the assurance in

his voice renewed the strange effect, for the will-to-resist unexpectedly failed her.

"Change," he commanded, laughing, and flickering his fingers at her.

His gesture of being a hypnotist was silly and annoyed her. For already she had changed. Something momentous had happened. It was the unbelievable and astonishing thing that she had done. Alarmed and awed, Muriel examined her momentous behavior. Either she was involved with Harold far more deeply than she had ever thought possible or else her behavior was inexplicable. As Harold said, she

had committed herself. Deep down she knew that the commitment was valid because she was answering a responsibility. She had a new feeling, rather exalted and elusive, of being both committed and liberated at the same time. It was a good feeling.

"I don't understand what got into you," Harold was saying. "I've never heard you talk like that before. It was strange, coming from you. It must have been the police car that did it."

She was absorbed in her new feelings.

"That goddam police car."

Muriel remembered. "Darling," she objected, "why swear?"



Laws —

The English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more, they reward virtue.

— GOLDSMITH

I am charmed with many points in the Turkish law, particularly the punishment of the convicted. They are burnt on the forehead with a hot iron when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehood.

— LADY MONTAGUE

Were it made a question whether no law, as among the savage Americans, or too much law, as among the civilized Europeans, submits man to the greatest evil, one who has seen both conditions of existence would pronounce it to be the last; and that sheep are happier of themselves, than under the care of wolves.

— THOMAS JEFFERSON

Laugh at a cold—and PNEUMONIA may laugh at you!



LOTS OF people think "it's just a little cold." But that little cold can use up a lot of your body's resistance against disease.

People who are already weakened by colds make easier targets for such serious diseases as pneumonia, influenza, sinusitis, ear infections, tonsillitis, or bronchitis.

If you take the simple precautions below, chances are good that you won't be one of the thousands of victims of pneumonia this winter—or one of the countless victims of other frequent complications of respiratory infections.



1. When a cold strikes . . . go to bed if possible. At least stay indoors and rest *all* you can. It may help to take a hot bath, or soak your feet in hot water, and drink a hot lemonade before retiring. Be sure to avoid chilling.



2. You must go to work? Remember that you may inflict your cold on others. If you really *must*, then wear warm, protective clothing. Avoid drafts and sudden chilling. Keep your sneezes and coughs covered up.



3. Drink large quantities of milk, fruit juice, and plain water. Take a laxative if needed.

If your cold seems more severe than usual, or if it starts with aching, chilliness, and fever, call the doctor without delay. Pneumonia may be indicated.

Most forms of pneumonia and certain other respiratory infections are often successfully treated with sulfa drugs—particularly if diagnosed early. Remember, sulfa drugs should be taken only when prescribed by a doctor.

But, *an ounce of prevention* is still worth a pound of cure. Do your best to avoid colds. Watching your diet will help. Get plenty of vitamins, fruits, and leafy vegetables. Eat better breakfasts. Don't skimp on your sleep. Dress



4. Treat that sore throat to a gargle. For a homemade gargle, add a teaspoonful of salt or bicarbonate of soda to a glass of warm water.

warmly and avoid chilling. Get regular exercise—some of it outdoors. And keep away from sniffers.

Metropolitan will gladly send you its free booklet, entitled, "Respiratory Diseases."

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MEMORANDUM ON ANTI-SEMITISM

BY PHILIP WYLIE

HITLER," said the man beside me on the train, "was right about one thing: the Jews. After the war, we'll have to take care of them."

I asked how. "Build furnaces and burn them?"

He was shocked. "Deport 'em. Segregate 'em. Maybe, later, sterilize 'em. Painlessly," he added. "I'm no murderer. We've got to do it in a decent, democratic way."

Up a couple of seats, Sam Morris rose and went to the smoking car. I know Sam. He has served in the war. He has stars on his ribbons. He is an athlete. He wasn't afraid of the man beside me; indeed, he could have licked him with one hand tied behind his back. But Sam is a Jew. Sam cannot argue with a man who has already condemned him; Sam's persecutors are out to get Sam — not to hear him.

So it was up to me to answer. To me, because I'm a Gentile. To me, because anti-Semitism is a sickness of Gentiles' minds that has *nothing* whatever to do with Jews.

"What business are you in?" I enquired.

His name was Johnson — though he wasn't one. ("Johnsons" are the honest, generous, bright people of this world.) He was an engineer — built skyscrapers — a graduate of a leading technical institute.

"What's the matter with Jews," I asked, "that isn't, equally, the matter with other human beings?"

Mr. Johnson made the standard accusations. Launched them like clay pigeons, which they are, and I shot at them with the truth any Gentile can discover in a day, if he respects himself enough to want to be guided by truth instead of prejudice. It's an easy list of facts. Everybody ought to learn it.

The Jews, said Mr. Johnson, own everything — the banks, Wall Street, the newspapers, the movies, the theatre, radio, and so on.

They don't, of course. Less than five per cent of the population of America is Jewish. Jews do not own five per cent of the national wealth. A mere half-dozen of Wall Street's myriad Gentile bankers could buy out the banking interests of all the

PHILIP WYLIE, well-known writer, is an editor at Farrar & Rinehart and author of the syndicated column, "Off My Chest." His many books include *Finnley Wren*, *The Other Horseman*, *Generation of Vipers*, and most recently, *Night Unto Night*. Mr. Wylie originally began this attack on anti-Semitism in the *Miami Daily News*.

Jews. Jews do have large interests in The New York Times — which is generally regarded as the finest newspaper in the world. They own a handful more of newspapers. But Gentiles control the rest — including the great chains: Hearst, McCormick, Howard, Knight. The movies are largely owned by New York banks which are in turn owned almost wholly by Gentiles. The vast majority of American radio stations are owned and run by Gentiles in the cities and towns where they exist — as anyone can see. The “Theatre” is largely a New York City cultural asset — and about half of America’s Jews live in New York — and they do own many theatres. But who writes the plays that make theatres? Some Jews, certainly. And Eugene O’Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Claire Luce, Marc Connelly — scores more — hundreds — Gentiles.

Those are facts. *Fortune Magazine* long ago published a survey that exploded the myth of “Jewish ownership” — and there have been many such. For most Americans, I think, wisely trust facts — and only facts.

Not Mr. Johnson. He called my statements — which any doubting citizen can check — a “smokescreen” and “Jewish lies.” Jews, he told me anxiously, belong to a secret organization and plan to control the world. “International banking Jews,” he called them. And the Jews are behind Communism, he said in the same breath. And the Jews stick together, to a man.

Here, Mr. Johnson was cheating his intelligence by an act worse than the mere maintenance of ignorance. He was being illogical to the point of absurdity. Because, if they do stick together, Jews cannot at the same time participate in Communism and in a mysterious world-intrigue of “international bankers” who have never yet been named. They would have to be on the side of the bankers or else of the Reds.

But, again, Jews do not “stick together.” You know that, if you stop to think. They are Republicans and Democrats, like everybody else. A few of them are Communists — as are a few Irishmen, Italians, and a few everything else. They are divided many ways over their own Zionist question. Through thousands of years, armies of Jews have gone to battle against each other — as loyal citizens of warring nations. Human beings who profess one religion have, indeed, seldom been so divided as the Jews and seldom shared the blood of so many different peoples and nationalities. That is the way it really is.

II

Still, said Mr. Johnson, they were “different.” You could “tell” them. They had an accent. They were inclined more than other people to gloat over successes and to bemoan tragedies.

That is a sad, unseeing half-truth. For, quite a few Jews *are* a little different from many other human

beings. Why not? Every single one of them, from the day of his birth until he dies, lives behind a giant, psychological 8-ball — kept there by Gentiles: the hideous handicap of prejudice. That is the pitiful factor which tends to make some Jews arrogant in triumph and over-crushed by disaster. From morning to night, even in free America, no Jew has an exactly fair chance; and no Jew can tell when next the edge of undeserved, unexpected insult will cut him. Try to imagine how you would behave if you discovered, tomorrow, that you were not a Gentile, as you'd supposed, but a Jew. This handicap — this intangible social ghetto — is at once a terrible incentive to struggle upward — and a dreadful reason for anguish and self-pity if the struggle fails. Were you a Jew even for a day, you would remember the effect of that hard, transparent wall all the rest of your life.

Quite a few Jews do have accents. Why? Because they came here — or their parents came here — generations later than the ancestors of the majority of American Gentiles. There were pioneer Jews in America; some of the early ones saved our Revolution. But more of them than most other people came later and have not yet had time to learn Americanese. Their accent is that simply explained.

As for their biological and ethnological "differentness" — well — Mr. Johnson went to a technical school. He doesn't know a single scientific fact about the origins of people. He does not stop to think that he shares

countless common ancestors with the Jews. But he does. As a mathematician he could figure that out — if he wanted to. He considers himself a "white" man. He never stopped to think that, as his ancestors wandered across Asia and into Europe, they picked up the blood of Mongols, Tartars, Turks, Semites — everybody. He never bothered to calculate that he cannot possibly guess what all his own ancestors consisted of, even thirty generations ago. All he can learn — if he is interested in fact rather than bigotry — is that every race on earth is a distant blood cousin to him. That much is established. Sam Morris, who went to the smoking car, may be a much closer relative of Mr. Johnson's than Mr. Johnson dreams.

He thinks he can distinguish Jews. That, too, is part of his easily-demonstrated illusion. He cannot point out the Jews in the car where we are sitting — with accuracy. He tries. He skips a tall, pug-nosed blond who is the son of a rabbi. He indicates a dark, hook-nosed gentleman who presently begins to converse in Italian — with a red-headed Italian woman.

Here, Mr. Johnson is partly the victim of our poor American education; he has not had the energy or will to remedy its oversights, after growing up. In spite of the fact that America understood its biologically superb and idealistically wonderful function as a "melting pot," America's little red schoolhouse never taught the similarities of people. It concentrated on their

differentness. The fact that people are alike fundamentally — with the same feelings, the same power for good, the same capacities for harm — is always lost through classroom attention to dissimilarities.

That blunder is a terrible one. Mr. Johnson — and you and I — were told to think of Eskimos not as uneducated people but as strange, primeval creatures. Frenchmen were presented to us as total foreigners. Germans were a quaint folk who dressed in their native costumes. The fact that the Chinese used chopsticks instead of knives and forks set them far apart from us in our young minds; we did not learn that they were philosophers, scientists, inventors and city-builders thousands of years before there was a London. Fiji Islanders were described to us as cannibals — as remote in space as Mars and, in heredity, as monkeys.

Mr. Johnson still thinks of people in those terms. An accent or a different trouser-cut is to him non-Johnson and therefore sub-Johnson. Since he has held pieces of this attitude from the first grade on, he seems to sense a reality in anti-Semitism. Mr. Johnson nowadays is distressed. The years of his life have been lived amid wars, plagues, holocaust, depression and global madness. He is a "practical" man; if he could find persons responsible for his travail, he would destroy those people or, at least, their power. He yearns to locate the responsible ones because he yearns for peace, progress and prosperity. He wants of

life only an assurance that he will be able to go on putting up skyscrapers at a reasonable profit. In all of that, he is sincere and he is justified.

III

To be told that the Jews have been man's nemesis suggests a name for the wanted culprit; it satisfies his tribal feeling; it falls in line with the prejudices he was casually given in the name of education; and Johnson doesn't really know anything about Jews. He is acquainted with a dozen, likes two or three, and knows the rest only through crowd-competition on streets and subways and in the offices of a big city. He never studied the history of Jews — or of Johnsons, for that matter. He knows nothing of Jewish religion and cares to know less. Since many people say that the ruinous estate of man is the fault of Jews, he is willing to listen.

And people have been saying it everywhere in America at the top of their lungs. Nazis, for instance. Nazis, bigots, and the deathless mass of mere ignorant haters. But many of these people have a shrewd reason for saying so. If they can make enough Johnsons believe that the Jews are enemies of mankind, they can keep American eyes turned from man's real enemies — their own conniving organizations. Hitler accomplished that. He consumed the minds of the Germans and of millions of Europeans and even of many Americans by lighting in them the fire of anti-Semitism. Then, while

they were blazing with irrelevant fury, he closed his iron fingers upon Europe. That is today the hidden policy — and the hope — of various organized and articulate minorities in America. It has always been and will always be. If enough of us can be convinced of the baseless notion that our troubles stem from Jews we will go blind, politically and socially and intellectually. Then we'll be easy pickings for the plotters. Because the mind that believes in "anti-Semitism" has ceased thinking, it is perfectly prepared to accept the next lie, and the next. Catastrophe comes that way. Look across the Atlantic and see.

Curdle the common sense of the common people and you can capture them. Anti-Semitism curdles every cranium in which it reposes for just one simple reason: it's not based on truth — any truth. And it is not based on religious principle, either. Mr. Johnson professes Christianity. I mentioned the fact to him. He has that "all figured out." The Jews, he says, slew Jesus.

Now, according to the Bible, the Romans put Jesus to death to satisfy the indignation of certain dogmatic Jews who resented Him. Even then, as we can see, the Jews were divided among themselves. Mr. Johnson is still holding today's Jews responsible for that two-thousand-year-old tragedy. If you told Mr. Johnson that he was to blame for the comparatively recent, Gentile assassination of Lincoln, he would think you were crazy. But that is what he is saying about

the Jews. You see, Mr. Johnson's sense of justice isn't doing business any more.

That makes Mr. Johnson a pretty dangerous person — no matter how earnest he is, or how good to his children, or how honest about his taxes, or how ingenious with steel, concrete and a drawing board. Part of his brain is already on the sucker-list of various groups of people who are out to sabotage the rest of it.

All the failings of mankind, failings of which he secretly knows we are equally guilty, have been loaded by Mr. Johnson upon the Jews, as if only they could sin. That lack of heart and wisdom is man's snidest weakness — a weakness born out of blind fear and its answering rage. Numberless times in history we have punished one group in spiteful vengeance for calamities caused by the greed and stupidity of all groups together. That is the real source of every calamity. But Mr. Johnson is eyeing Jews with the old, lop-sided malignance; if he can, he will hide from himself his portion of responsibility for today's disasters by this outrageous claim that one small fraction of humanity is to blame.

That will undo his senses, for Mr. Johnson has thereby made himself believe he is afraid of Jews. Afraid! In the last ten years, they have been cut a quarter or a third. Hitler's ash-pits contain the murdered millions. Here in America, their number is so small that even if they were armed and organized, we Gentiles would be feeble indeed to fear them. And they

are without organization. And they have no arms at all. Through the centuries they never armed themselves. They fought bravely in hundreds of wars for the lands they hopefully adopted. But they were always the few. They loved peace. For this they have been bullied. So Mr. Johnson is actually growing afraid of himself — or of mankind in general. Scared by the suspected intellectual consequences of a creeping hypnosis — anti-Semitism. It is a very self-frightening state of mind. I know. Some of my best friends are anti-Semites.

IV

To be an anti-Semite is to repudiate our Constitution and to deny every syllable of meaning in the story of America. People don't think of that, but every law we have made is based upon the principle of the individual and his rights. Talk does not often lead to chaos. But there has never been a chaos that was not preceded by talk, much talk, all prejudiced, ignorant, underground, dishonest and evil. Unlike Mr. Johnson, most of my mean-talking friends are not planning action. The very thought would make them shudder. But the tone their muttering takes is the sort that can stampede idiots — and has done so a thousand times. They are people who should not stand as poor examples to the less intelligent, the less decent, the vicious and the morally deficient.

They just don't reason. They tell me — all of them — that some of

their best friends are Jews and that there are "fine" Jews. Five minutes later, they belittle and demean Jews — thus thrusting knives in the backs of those very friends. They are too empty-headed to perceive that, by everybody else, their Jewish friends are automatically included in their debasing generality. That is one measure of their stupidity. They ought to know, if they are over ten years old, that the proportion of "fine" people among Jews and Gentiles runs just the same, to the last decimal point. And they should remember that whenever a group is disenfranchised or destroyed, mankind then has the tyrant or executioner to deal with. In such a case it would be — themselves. Finally, they should have been taught this truth: Those who persecute one group inevitably turn upon others. I daresay 50 per cent of the anti-Semitic talkers known to me are also anti-Catholic. Suppose their words, which have the same darkling color that made pogroms in Europe, become reality? Against whom would they strike next?

But — let us half-suppose it. Like the shrewd hill-billy in the fable, let us turn propaganda into imagined reality. If it happened — what? Suppose all Jews vanished at the stroke of midnight. What evil would be undone? What blessing would result? What's this talk all about? If Mr. Johnson drew a graph, what would it reveal?

The next day there would still be as many crimes committed, per cap-

ita. Prisons would remain proportionately as full. The number of corrupt politicians and office-holders would hardly diminish by a handful. We'd lose ground in the war, because the Axis would lose nobody, but hundreds of thousands of good Allied soldiers would be missing. No problem of the peace would change a hair-breadth. Even Palestine would then be the Arab problem it always was. The strikers would still strike; John L. Lewis and Petrillo would still haunt us. There would be 5 per cent more food — but distribution would buckle; 5 per cent more material for clothes — and nobody much left to make clothes, and, of course, taxes would rise 5 per cent. The movies and the radio wouldn't miss a beat, in spite of what the anti-Semites have said. Only the quality would suffer. The market would sag, but not collapse, for there are not that many Jews in it and the average Jew is poor, in spite, again, of the illiterate folklore.

No gain. What loss? Well — most of the people who make America laugh would be gone, for one thing. And many of the people who touch our hearts every day. Poets, writers, dramatists, journalists, best-loved radio and movie stars and musicians — thousands upon thousands of these. You can write the list yourself. We'd lose hundreds of great philanthropists, myriads of lesser ones, and hundreds of thousands of the kindest people in America, besides. Our culture would be knocked out and the throat of our mirth would be cut. Quite a loss. We'd

lose so many scientists that the progress of man would be set back the length of your whole lifetime. We'd lose the millions of babies and adults their research was going to have saved. We'd lose thousands of men now thinking up instruments of victory — and all the uncountable engines they would have invented for the empire we call the Future. If we had caused this, we'd lose the Constitution and its Bill of Rights, our security, everybody's liberty, our self-respect, and the immortal souls of those who had contributed to the measureless catastrophe even by talk. "Information, Please," would be wiped out. We'd lose Barney Baruch and Hedy Lamarr and Albert Einstein, and Walter Lippmann, and —

That's what anti-Semitism is.

And what I have had to say about it is not merely what I think. It is what I *know*. What can easily be known by you, to the great relief and enlargement of your soul, if you are anti-Semitic. It is truth known by me, Philip Wylie, a sixth-and-seventh generation Scotch-Irish-Presbyterian-American. It is written by me of my own free will in this great, freedom-loving land, because I, too, love liberty and justice and truth. Written by me, who, because I am part Irish and because Caesar's legions stayed so long in Ireland, am also part wop. Who, because I am of that Iberian descent, am also part spic and possibly (as every living man may be) in some minute part, Negro. By me, whose ancestors on the British Isles, seventy matings'

distant in my direct line, were cannibals — as, definitely, were yours if you claim British blood.

During the days when our sires were stewing each other's joints in clay pots — a mere seventy grandfathers back — the Jews had been civilized for two thousand years. They had already given to humanity its

first concept of organized law and the stupendous idea of one God. At that time they also produced the most deeply-discerning and articulate philosopher the world has ever known — a man who spent his life teaching people the whole truth about human relations: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."



INVOCATION

By SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

MOON of the lost season, linger near,
Moon of returning autumn, heed again
The heart's cry over the lonely weir,
The heart's shadow dark upon the plain.

See how the hare is furtive in the grasses,
The cricket's song is stilled, the plaintive loon
Withholds his call. Time trembles as he passes —
The rose will droop, its petals fall too soon.

Moon of remembrance, turn, but not for long,
Mirror this rapture delicate and brief.
Moon of the lost season, be my song,
My comfort in the night of unbelief.

DENMARK: A NATION UNDERGROUND

BY GUNNAR LEISTIKOW

HAVE a cigarette?" said a guy to the anti-sabotage guard. Sure, of course. Who wouldn't take a cigarette from an old pal whom he hadn't seen since they left school together? Certainly it's nice to have a friendly chat when you have been standing around with a rifle in front of a plant gate for hours on end and nothing is happening anyhow. But the anti-sabotage guard did not get so far as having his cigarette lit. The next thing he knew he was lying face down, blindfolded, in the bottom of a truck.

In the meantime, some of the seventy saboteurs, who had arrived by boat and in trucks, went around through the assembly halls of the plant, ordering the workers to walk instantly to the anti-aircraft shelters. Laughing and wisecracking, the workers fulfilled the orders. Some of them volunteered to help carry the fifteen 60-80-pound TNT bombs from the trucks over to "Riffelsyndikatet," largest producing plant of light machine guns in Scandinavia. They

helped fill up the trucks with nearly a hundred machine guns, tripods and ammunition boxes.

A few minutes later — all camouflage-painted and showing the "WH" license plates of the German Army — the trucks left. Before the cars were out of sight, the fifteen time-bombs went off. Since they had been placed at carefully selected spots, the tall building in the center of the Copenhagen free port area was reduced to rubble under the very noses of the Germans. Only after several hours could the violent fire be brought under control.

This was on June 22, 1944. A week later, Danish patriots had to fight back in the streets of Copenhagen. The Germans were running riot, panic-stricken at having found themselves isolated in the middle of a nationwide general strike, with spontaneous demonstrations breaking out all about them. There was good use for the machine guns the Danish underground had just captured.

GUNNAR LEISTIKOW, well-known Danish analyst of political and economic affairs, has been foreign or war correspondent for papers in all the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and England. He has recently worked with the OWI, and until July 1944, was head of the Danish Desk, U. S. Army, Morale Division, Language Unit. His articles have appeared in many of our national magazines.

Meanwhile, the Germans had reacted to the raid with their customary ruthlessness. Eight hostages were shot. Curfew and martial law were declared. Soldiers were free to shoot at street groups of more than five people. Indeed, German troops fired at civilians leaving restaurants and movies. On June 24, Copenhagen's most popular amusement park, the world-famous "Tivoli," was demolished by the "Schalburg Corps," a notorious gang of riff-raff recruited among the German minority and the offscouring of the Danish Nazi movement. In addition, German police arrested hundreds of well-known Danes, particularly union and political leaders.

The brutality of the Germans and, most of all, the shooting of hostages, the first to occur in Denmark, aroused the entire nation. Out of nowhere, the Danes started to display British and American flags. Pictures of Hitler and other Nazi leaders were burned in the streets. Barricades were erected. All this happened in Copenhagen, where no large-scale mass demonstration had occurred for some fifty years; where no one has ever been able to rouse the inhabitants out of their habitual calm.

Two days after the outburst of Nazi terrorism, the workers of Burmeister and Wain, Denmark's largest shipyard, sent a provocative letter to Dr. Best, Hitler's representative, telling him of their intentions to take a day off to work in their victory gardens. Then they nonchalantly walked out. Other plants followed their example; within a few days strikes were preva-

lent throughout the city, proclaimed by nobody, yet adhered to by everybody.

Eight more hostages were shot on June 29. The Trade Union Council replied by a general strike, called under the nose of the Gestapo. The Germans arrested many union leaders and threatened to liquidate them if the strike was not called off. Nevertheless, it continued. In the evenings, the masses disregarded curfew and were shot at — even strafed by Nazi planes. Then the Germans cut off Copenhagen's water, gas, electricity and food. Even the sick and dying in hospitals were deprived of water, and Danish babies had to go without milk.

Despite these efforts, the Nazis were unable to subdue the rebellious nation. Copenhageners took water from the lakes inside the city. Many grocers stripped their shelves of food, which they distributed free. The strike spread throughout the country, and all radio appeals to control or end the trouble were ignored.

The Germans threatened to bomb Copenhagen, but to no effect, as the strike spread to more than twenty cities. And the Freedom Council, the central organ of the Danish underground, answered the German ultimatum with demands that

- (1) the hoodlum Schalburg Corps be withdrawn from Denmark;
- (2) curfew and martial law be rescinded;
- (3) no reprisals be taken against the strikers;
- (4) communications be restored, as well as gas, water and electricity.

The Germans threw in the sponge.

On July 2, gas, water and electricity were again made available, and the following morning trucks were allowed to pass the city limits.

But the strike still continued. It was only ended on July 4, when the Freedom Council urged the workers to return to work. In the meantime, the Germans had accepted *in full* the terms submitted to them by the underground. At first, they withheld wages for the strike period, but when threatened by a renewal of hostilities, they agreed to pay at once!

II

How did an occupied country win such an astounding victory? For Denmark is not a place where one can hide, as in Yugoslavia's mountains, or in Poland's inaccessible forests. It is as flat as Long Island and so populated that one can scarcely find a single plot of ground without a house on it. Yet no underground council could have functioned before the very eyes of the Gestapo, dictating terms to the conqueror, but for the unique situation which existed here.

In a word, the underground is so numerous that a fugitive feels safe in practically any building he chooses to enter. The entire Danish nation is at one with the underground, whose leaders estimate that out of the country's 4,000,000 population, there are 3,998,000 enthusiastic supporters of the United Nations, and only 2,000 active Quislings.

The milder forms of Danish sabo-

tage began with the occupation. During the period of the "model protectorate," when the Germans tried to impress the Danes by correct behavior, it seldom went further than the slowdown and careless handling of machinery. It was always on a mass basis and often spontaneous, as when the whole nation suddenly started hoarding copper coins a few weeks after the invasion to prevent the Germans from scrapping the metal for armaments. And when the government replaced copper with aluminum money, in order to prevent Goering from building bombers out of Danish small change, the people saw to it that even this coinage disappeared.

Slowly, in 1942, as more and more plants were commandeered by the Nazis, Danish sabotage became a major problem. The Danish pulse is not particularly quick, and a Dane has to be convinced that speed is necessary before he steps up his rhythm. The mobilization of Danish industry for German benefit immediately demonstrated to the workers the importance of slackening on the job. But once it was recognized that a sluggish tempo was not enough, they switched to more efficient methods. The saboteurs found, for instance, that sugar was a fine ingredient to mix with gasoline and cement. By this sweetening process, *Wehrmacht* cars could be made to stop running and pillboxes would not harden.

At first, the Germans would not allow the Danish papers to make any

mention of sabotage. But when they saw that the Danes did not hesitate to blow up their own factories and installations, they changed their policy. Early in 1943, the German military commander, Von Hanneken, summoned the Danish editors and "suggested" that they write about sabotage. "After all," he said, "it is *Danish* property that is being destroyed."

The Danish editors fell in with this splendid idea, and for days their papers were filled with detailed sabotage stories. They saw to it that their readers did not interpret the stories as Von Hanneken meant them to, but regarded them rather as text books in sabotage methods. The Germans did not discover their psychological error until the damage had been done.

Sabotage took a steep upcurve. All over the country, it seemed, barracks were fired, troop trains derailed, plants and shipyards blasted; power stations blown up, and German ships mysteriously sunk. Not less than 15,000 anti-sabotage guards had to be posted in Danish plants and power stations, along railroads and piers. Not that this helped much. You just can't select 15,000 reliable anti-sabotage guards out of 2,000 Danish Nazis. Consequently, in many instances, the guards actually showed the saboteurs where to place their bombs. Danish sabotage was no longer merely a series of amateurish acts; it had been placed on a scientific basis by powerful underground organization.

III

1943 was a dark summer for the Germans: defeats in Russia, Mussolini's downfall, the liberation of Sicily, the open failure of the U-boat campaign, the destruction of Hamburg. The Danes rejoiced and increased their sabotage. A Swedish paper recorded sixty incidents in a single week in Denmark, a country half the size of Maine, with half the population of New York City.

In July, a show-down revealed the decline of German power and prestige: the Swedish Government got away with cancelling the transit traffic agreement forced on her three years before, which permitted Germany to shuttle furloughed soldiers to and from Norway. The Germans now had to use Danish ports and railroads for their Norwegian traffic in order to shorten the exposed sea routes.

The military traffic detoured through their territory provoked the Danes, who feel attached to the Norwegians through bonds of culture and history and who admire their brethren in the north for their splendid fight against the common invader. They asked themselves — should Denmark allow herself to become the basis of German domination of Norway?

As soon as the first troop trains started rolling through Jutland, the underground nation retaliated: rails were removed, switches damaged, semaphore signals changed, block posts blasted along the Jutland trunk lines.

On August 4, the Germans delivered

a note to the Danish Government insisting that all saboteurs be tried by German courts according to German law and that sentences of imprisonment should be served in Germany. The demands were turned down as unacceptable, and this precipitated a fresh crisis. As soon as these terms were made known by the underground press, a new wave of strikes swept the country. In Esbjerg, an important port in Jutland, the long-shoremen set fire to a hundred thousand fish boxes for Germany. When the Germans imposed a curfew, the whole city, including police and civil servants, resisted. In Odense, Denmark's third largest city, 3,000 shipyard workers established a sit-down strike when German military guards were posted. Despite martial law, 5,000 people marched through the streets waving the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, besides the Dannebrog, Denmark's flag. Serious fighting broke out when German soldiers fired into the crowds; between fifteen and thirty Germans, besides twenty-three Danes, lost their lives. Sabotage was now so overwhelming that sixty plants were dynamited the night of August 19 alone. A few days later a power station supplying most of northern Jutland was blown to pieces.

In Copenhagen, German troops and tanks paraded the streets while reinforcements were rushed in from Norway and Germany. But just before the troops could take over as a barracks the "Forum," the Madison Square Garden of Copenhagen with

a capacity of 16,000, time-bombs destroyed the building. Another swift stroke and several thousand rifles were stolen from a German Army ammunition depot!

Although a state of siege was declared in various cities, clashes continued. The Germans repeatedly fired into any group of more than five people — even those peacefully waiting for a traffic light or for a streetcar. Dr. Best returned once more from Berlin with an ultimatum demanding curfew declarations, the surrender of hostages chosen by the Danish Government and the death penalty for sabotage. These demands were rejected as unconstitutional and utterly unthinkable. While everybody knew that refusal would mean the complete taking-over of Denmark by the Germans, nevertheless the king, the government, the parliament and all parties were unanimous in preferring "Norwegian conditions" to any abatement of the Germans' crimes. The whole nation was prepared to go underground.

IV

The next day, August 29, the Germans imposed nationwide martial and curfew law, arrested the Danish Government, confined the king to his palace, and announced death penalties for saboteurs and strikers. Severe fighting broke out in many localities, when Danish army units resisted disarming by the Germans. In the navy yard, Danish bluejackets fought off the

enemy while their comrades blew up ammunition dumps and fortifications. The navy scuttled the entire small Danish fleet, a total of forty-five vessels. Only eleven managed to escape to neutral Sweden. It is estimated that 2,000 Danes were wounded or lost their lives that day.

Death penalty or no, the strike enveloped nine Danish cities, most of them key points for German traffic. Although the Nazis arrested trade-union leaders and hurried their troops to the strike areas, these actions merely led to further severe disturbances and bloodshed.

One bright spot relieved the somber situation. The Danish police unanimously refused to swear allegiance to the Germans. For a time they were disarmed by Gestapo and SS, and in the concentration camp of Horserød in North Zealand, where Communists had been confined for nearly two years, the Danish guards made common cause with the prisoners and they escaped together to Sweden.

Now the German Army and Gestapo were running Denmark, but sabotage continued. On a nine-mile stretch of the strategically important railroad from Aarhus south, all bridges were blown up. A large German barracks ship and a machine factory were demolished. An army supply train was derailed, a canal bridge and a Copenhagen telephone exchange destroyed. The Chrysler and Citroën assembly plants in Copenhagen and their neighboring freight yards were

ravaged. In a Copenhagen hotel, several German officers were killed by a bomb.

Hangman number-one, SS-General Kurt Daluge, arrived in Copenhagen on September 28. He was there by Hitler's personal orders, charged with the mission of persecuting the Danish Jews. With his ominous misjudgment of the psychology of other peoples, Hitler thus hoped he could drug the Danes into accepting a scapegoat as responsible for their fate.

But what happened? On October 1, when 3,000 Gestapo and SS went out to arrest all Danish Jews, they could scarcely be found. Only a few hundred were caught and sent to the concentration camp of Terezín in Czechoslovakia. All the 6-7,000 Danish Jews, warned and rescued by the underground nation, were safe in Sweden. Since the Germans had delivered their threats several months before, the Danes had lost no time organizing the mass exodus. Indeed, it was the Danish police, who refused to violate Danish law, or to lend a helping hand in anti-Semitic arrests, who were largely responsible for the rescue of their Jewish fellow citizens.

The strike ebbed, leaving saboteurs to carry on the fight. The Germans realized that their new methods were working no better than the old, and soon receded from their scheme of ruling the country via Gestapo and terror. They communicated with the king and the former ministers and leaders of parliament, imploring them to return and form a new government.

The answer was *No!* The king refused to appoint a new premier without parliament's consent; the party leaders said the old government still had parliament's confidence; the cabinet ministers refused either to function or to resign so long as the Germans maintained their extraordinary measures. The nation preferred to stay underground.

Thus, Denmark had no government. The underground nation, however, soon gave birth to a new group to voice its thoughts and to lead the resistance. Immediately after the dramatic events of August 29, representatives of the various secret organizations, who planned and executed sabotage and kept the illegal press active, met and founded a central organ of the Danish underground, the so-called Danish Freedom Council. Under its leadership, warmly acknowledged by British authorities, in the beginning of 1944 Denmark was recognized as the number-one saboteur nation in Europe.

For obvious reasons, the identity of the Council's members cannot be revealed. However, every resistance group in Denmark has representation.

The Council does not regard itself as a government. Rather, its program calls for a new Danish Government to be appointed by the king immediately after liberation. But at present its authority is unquestioned by the entire Danish population. It meets regularly and exerts certain governmental functions. For instance, recently it sent a representative to Moscow. No Free Danish legation existed, save in Washington and London, yet Chief Library Director T. Dossing was immediately accorded rank as diplomatic envoy by the Soviet Government. Its complete sway over the Danish people can best be recognized by studying the results of the general strike in July 1944, which led the Germans to accept the Council's terms. Even after the enemy had rescinded his extraordinary measures and opened food and communication lines to besieged Copenhagen, national strikes persisted until word was passed around that the Freedom Council urged the workers to go back to their jobs.

Through the Council the underground nation has, in fact if not in name, created its own underground government.



The value of an idea has nothing whatever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it.

— OSCAR WILDE

THE ASTROLOGY RACKET

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

THE problems presented by war, which leave almost everybody else baffled, confused and jittery, offer no difficulty to the nation's astrologers. If you have \$5 handy, these starry-eyed seers will give you an answer to almost any question, whether it concerns the probable arrival of Allied Armies in Berlin or your chances with that blonde you met the other evening. Increase the ante to \$500 and the astrologers will grapple confidently with matters that might stay the hand of God.

The brashness of these self-styled "scientists" — who sometimes call themselves "astro-analysts" — pays off handsomely. Every year they rake in something over \$200,000,000 smothering the worries and woes of the U. S. populace in reassuring mumbo-jumbo that Einstein himself would have a hard time following. If by any chance you have fallen into the error of regarding astrology as a simple affair of zodiacal signs and birthdates, you might do well to look over this list of the more arcane branches of the trade: Bio-Astrology, Bio-Psychophysic Astrology, Business Astrology,

Cosmic Astrology, Esoteric Astrology, Glandular Astrology, Horary Astrology, Mundane Astrology, Natal Astrology, Predictive Astrology, Radix Astrology, Sexual Astrology, Triangular Astrology, Vocational Astrology, even Astrological Physiognomy and Astro-Graphology.

All these formidably-entitled pursuits are of fairly recent vintage. A couple of generations ago, a man who felt emotionally or spiritually low would turn to his pastor or his doctor for advice. A few less stable citizens took their cares to phrenologists or palmists. Both of these "physiological scientists" dealt with the configurations of the human anatomy, but the phrenologist was a lot more impressive than his confrère. Around 1900, however, an English palmist, Count Louis Hamon, better known as "Cheiro," made the phrenologists of New York City look silly by asking and getting \$20 for twenty minutes of peering at life lines, fate lines, and simple callouses.

But the Count began to appear a novice when the star-gazers really got in the groove. They not only gave pri-

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vate readings for the troubled citizenry, but put the whole business on a mass production basis by issuing horoscopes through the five-and-ten that would straighten out anyone bright enough to figure out his zodiac sign. This presently seduced the susceptible advertising fraternity who began to promote astrological face creams, astrological jewelry, astrological neckties, astrological furniture, and so on ad infinitum. Recently one store staged a tremendous Astrological Fashion Show, complete with lectures on the relationship between astrology and a flattering hip line. Another emporium whipped up a series of window displays designed to appeal to expectant mothers. "If you have a Taurus baby," one slogan advised the pregnant ladies, "here is his appropriate layette." Under the circumstances, who can blame the million ambitious scholars who are now earnestly engaged in probing astrology in all its variations?

The savants on the faculty of the innumerable astrological "colleges" have, of course, banded themselves, after the fashion of pedagogues through eternity, into all kinds of learned societies. The most impressive is the American Federation of Scientific Astrologers, which makes its headquarters Washington, D. C., and has no truck with any astrological small fry. The Federation has locals all over the land, issues an annual yearbook, and strives each year to hold a bigger and brighter national convention. It is probably due to

outfits like the Federation that astrology has become such hot stuff to the afficianadoes. "It is no mere accident," says the prescient William T. McClosky of San Francisco, "that a *star* led the Magi to our Divine Savior. The Bible proves the truth of astrology." Even more enthusiastic is Arlene W. Wells, a female star-reader of Kansas City, Missouri. "Being an astrologer," she points out, "is next to being God."

Perhaps it is the hope of approaching the Deity that has led so many students to the classrooms of such institutions of celestial interpretation as the American College of Astro-Science in Manhattan, the College of the Magi in San Francisco, the Egyptian School of Astrology and Occult Science at Du Quoin, Illinois, and the First Temple and College of Astrology, Inc., in Los Angeles. All these establishments issue highly decorative certificates and diplomas, but, as might be expected, the Los Angeles First Temple is the Harvard of the lot. It is not only "the original scientific astrological school," but its faculty staggers under the weight of the M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s that it has won in mysterious halls of learning. Graduates are so loaded with lore that they are barely able to make themselves intelligible to each other, for the professors of the First Temple have incessantly steeped them in such abstruse matters as "Nativities, Prenatal, Progressed, Delineations, Right Ascension, Primary Arcs and Rectifications." The embryonic as-

trologers at the First Temple don't pay tuition; what they contribute is referred to — more gracefully — as “membership dues.”

II

It is not, however, in the quadrangles of the First Temple and other schools that the scientific contributions to astrology are readily apparent. These strike the observer most forcefully in the astrological journals, which, despite the paper shortage, are wantonly increasing in number. The readers of the journals aren't just run-of-the-mill people. As the *Practical Astrologer* has explained, they include “great statesmen, doctors, lawyers, scientists, actors . . .” Contributors to the astrological sheets are almost always equipped with very impressive degrees, but *American Astrology* has probably snagged the prize seer in Vincent Lopez, the orchestra leader, who occasionally tosses his baton aside to write an erudite monograph on what the stars seem to be telling him. A casual glance through a dozen of the leading astrological journals reveals that the contributors know virtually all the answers. Who wouldn't want to know:

- How to make any person love you, no matter who;
- How to be pleasing to your wife;
- How to act after 10.25 P.M.;
- Whether you will ever amount to anything;
- How to read other people's character on sight;
- How to control your glands;

- How to develop your telepathic powers;
- How to get people out of prison;
- How to preserve any kind of fruit or vegetable?

If you happen to dip into versatile papers like *Horoscope* and *Your Future*, you can also find out “how to regain your youth and vigor,” and “how to cast a spell on anyone, no matter where they [*sic*] are.”

Before astrology became an “experimental science,” it was believed that only people had horoscopes. Nowadays any astrologer would chortle at this old-fashioned notion. The news that everything as well as everybody has a horoscope was announced by Oliver Johnson, an associate editor of *Astrology Guide*, in the following gem-like paragraph:

Everything is born. You may have a new idea, keep it to yourself a long time, and finally give birth by divulging it. . . . This is so well known to many prominent people that they never venture into anything unless they give birth to the idea in the presence of an astrologer. . . . Buildings are born; so are battleships; so are projects; so are careers and business—so is everything else. Through the medium of electional astrology the astrologer comes to a conclusion with regard to the ultimate outcome or final disposition; and the ups and downs of the thing studied while it is living.

It is only a step from Johnson's dictum that buildings and battleships have horoscopes to the night thoughts of Myra T. Cummings, a “bio-astrologer” from Syracuse, N. Y. Miss Cummings, who once combined the celestial concave with a cow to produce her masterwork “The Stars

for More and Better Milk," has discovered that astrology makes it "possible to tell what pets are most suitable for given persons."

"For those born under Leo," she writes briskly, "the Great Dane, St. Bernard or Newfoundland breeds are best. For the Taurus person any of the bulldog breed is usually satisfactory. For Gemini folks an identical pair of Siamese cats is always ideal. . . . Care must be exercised when selecting your pet to know the place and date of its birth since animals, like people, are subject to the influence of the planets."

It has not escaped the astrologers that nations, like pets, are born, and consequently have their own horoscopes. Awkwardly enough, the United States has at least two horoscopes, since not even the most penetrating astrologist has been able to decide whether America was born October 12, 1492 or July 4, 1776. Fortunately "both charts," as *Current Astrology* has disclosed, "represent a strong, mercurial nation." Not long ago the same publication divulged the true facts about the birth of our nation. "Our radical Mars," it revealed, "was well aspected at the time of the birth of our nation, with a trine to Saturn and the Moon, but *had* a square to the Neptune. This creates the disturbing element of secrecy, with schemes against our naval maneuvers, since Pisces rules the 6th house (service of Uncle Sam)."

Despite these schemes against our naval maneuvers, we will always do

well against Germany, according to Marion Drew, a national authority on horoscopes and a valued contributor to *Astrology Guide*.

III

Astrology Guide subscribes to and endorses the Code of Ethics adopted by the American Federation of Scientific Astrologers and the Astrologers' Guild of America. It works only within the strict confines of "exact science." It provides discussions on "Astrology and the Cure of Cancer," "Astrology or Your Doctor," and "How the Stars Help in Love and Marriage." The *Guide* is celebrated for its straight answers to hard questions. Consider, for instance, the following:

Q. I have just had my chest X-rayed and am told I have a spot on my lung. . . . What does my horoscope say?

A. Your horoscope says that the trouble is of a transitory nature. . . . Jupiter moved from Taurus to the long sign of Gemini late in May.

Q. I am thinking about buying a riding academy. Does my chart point to success?

A. Decidedly. You have so much Sagittarius in your chart you just can't keep away from horses anyway.

What makes *Astrology Guide* such a treasure, however, is not its *Q.* and *A.* Department but its Department of Psychism. For this, H. Carrington, Ph.D., confected his "When You Die You Live," while Pritam Kuma Roy offered "An Explanation of Major Arcana Nos. 11 and 12." In the Department of Psychism, we run across such cases as that of Mrs. C. J. R. of California:

I was taken with a severe case of bronchitis. The doctor left prescriptions for some tablets and liquid medicine. A severe cough kept me awake all day, but that night I fell into a sound sleep. Suddenly I felt someone shaking me and I heard "Wake up." I looked into the darkness and saw a form. Then a hand pointed to my medicine bottle. I took my dose and went to sleep.

This apparition kept rousing Mrs. C. J. R. all night long to take her medicine, and then, whoosh, off it went right through the wall.

Although other magazines feature everything from Special Romantic Quizzes to recipes for Saturn's Potatoes ("They add a dash of planetary sauce to the wartime menu"), none of them compares in sales with the austere-ly-named *Astrology*. This is largely due to its editor, Sidney K. Bennet, who in compliance with cosmic vibrations, uses the name of Wynn. Wynn is the astrologer for the common man and dishes up such detailed information for his readers that they often have to arrange their lives on a split-second time-table to keep up with his advice. His typical forecast for a day in March, reasoned out, incidentally, in February, runs like this:

Most benefits in quiet or through hidden factors. Till 0.52 P.M. be alert for opportunity to work and health matters. Confidential bonds with superiors 1.36-7.36 P.M.; also publicity for your private achievements. Home friendship in harmony possible after 10.25 P.M. so slow up with them.

Besides dispensing schedules like the foregoing, Wynn offers counsel to more than 10,000,000 readers through

his syndicated horoscope. Every year almost a million hopefuls send their dimes to these papers for Wynn's astrological help. In addition, he has set up his booth as a private astrological consultant. For this service, he asks and receives \$5 per horoscope and he has thus far cast more than a hundred thousand. He is also the inventor of an astrological calculating machine which automatically supplies him with any answer he seeks. Recently he gave further proof of his versatility by establishing the Wynn Comparison Service. Based on the astrological law that "something happens to us when our horoscopes feel the horoscopes of others," the new service will, for \$10, furnish answers to such questions as: "Why can't I love my stepdaughter?" "Why did John drift away from me years ago?" "Will I be wise in investing with Mr. K?"

To a good many citizens, characters like Wynn and the rest look as foolish as a troupe of vaudeville swamis. But in California they have already made a move to clarify their professional status. A bill has been placed before the state legislature for the establishment of a state board of astrological examiners empowered to issue licenses to all applicants over twenty-five "who have studied astrology for five years." If this bill should become law, the astrologers will have reached the same dignified level as chiropractors, embalmers and teachers of contract bridge, and will probably increase their current take of \$200,000,-000 a year considerably.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Music, Juleps, Bass Drums and Sailors

Music. — One of the theories it entertains me to scrutinize is that music inspires one to profound and lofty thoughts, many of them of competitive rank with Hegel, Kant and Herbert Spencer. It is a theory assuaging to aesthetics, but I fear that it is prettier than true. Great music may instil in one an awe and respect for its composer but, beyond that, the meditations it gives birth to are generally less transcendent and metaphysical than mundane, and of a philosophical, ethical and even romantic bulk not materially greater than those generated by a half-pint of good Scotch whiskey.

As for inferior music, which constitutes about nine-tenths of the tonal art, if one doesn't dance one either goes to sleep and dreams dreams far beyond the imaginations of its artificers or loudly demands more alcohol to drown out the aural and mental torture.

Music in the aggregate, in point of mathematical fact, does not, aside from a great critical satisfaction and pleasure in the best of it, provide the imagination with half the blooms and fertile fields vouchsafed by malt and the grape; and what cerebral exercises it induces, compared with those of the

latter, are both in essence and expansiveness relatively puny. Its gifts to the cerebrum are mainly those of remembrance or wistful speculation on the present and future. In its spell one thinks of such sentimental trivia as a woman loved and lost, some beautiful creature whom one knows damned well one will never achieve, the theoretically happy days that are gone and the theoretically happy ones to come.

On rare occasions the mind may be inspired to take a slightly more trenchant flight, but in the main all that music contributes to the psyche is a philosophical sedative which comfortably reassures idiots of the virtue of their idiocy and reconciles wiser men to their lack of emotional pragmatism.

The effect of music, even great music, upon the human brain is in no better way to be appreciated than by observing the results in the instance of most musicians and orchestra conductors. With probably not more than three exceptions at most, no conspicuous musician or maestro has ever given the slightest evidence that his art had inculcated in him thoughts above those of a twelve-year-old child or has ever made a single remark which

indicated that his imagination had been inspired beyond the capacity of that of a bass-drummer.

Consider, on the other hand, the mere mint julep. After the first, the mind proceeds to dredge up from nowhere any number of piquant ideas: choice epigrams, hitherto unanswered telephone numbers that offer a challenge to realistic romance, sidelights on the political philosophies of such old Southern colonels as Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, the influence upon their illustrious husbands of such Dixie belles as Martha Custis, Martha Skelton, Rachel Robarts and Letitia Christian, the psychological impulses in the philosophy of Benedetto Croce, and the part valuably played by alcoholic spirits in the campaigns of Octavius Caesar, William of Orange and General Jacob S. Coxey.

After the second, and after a continued resolute assault on the telephone numbers, comes a period of rosy tranquillity wherein the mind gives life to a repertoire of saucy considerations: that America, for all its cultural progress, still refuses to accept at his full value any critic like the late James Huneker simply because he looked upon the wine when it was red and the women when they were pink and reserves its fullest approval for inferior critics like the late Stuart Sherman who in ex-officio life were immaculate stuffed-shirts; that in the happiest period of his life Beethoven wrote *Fidelio*, one of his poorest jobs,

whereas in the most troubled he produced the great *Ninth Symphony*; that the lowbrow who wrote such flubdub as "Walter Scott is a great genius," "The Chinese think, act and feel almost exactly like ourselves," and "Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* is the most abominable book that was ever written" was none other than Goethe; and that most of the greatest loves in history, contrary to the established philosophy of amour, involved little or no respect on the part of either of the principals.

After the third julep, one is besieged by ideas like the one which constitutes this article, which at its worst may possibly be granted to be at least slightly more tinctorial than any ten ideas generated by anything that Mendelssohn ever wrote.

* * *

Bass-Drums. — Mention of the bass-drum in the foregoing brings to the consciousness the fact that the first comedian ever to fall off a stage onto one was Mitch Kelly, in the year 1857. Extensive and painstaking research has failed to provide me with the name of the show in which Mr. Kelly thus contributed to the sum of American culture, but it at least informs us that when he negotiated that phase of his art for the first time the audience mistook it for a mortal accident and rushed down to the orchestra pit to lend him succor.

How many comedians have since borrowed Mr. Kelly's act I can't say for certain, but the number must run

into many hundreds. I myself, in my own span of show-going, have seen at least seventy or eighty. Time was when the artifice figured in every burlesque show and when it was a rare vaudeville bill that didn't contain it. I recall one burlesque show, indeed, in which not only the Irish comic but the Dutch and Hebrew comics retailed the drollery, each one three times.

And I similarly recollect a vaudeville bill on which a clown fell off the stage onto the drum six times and enriched his performance at its conclusion by falling off onto the drummer's head, toppling *him* onto the drum.

For many years the act was one of the standbys in the amusement chambers, and now and then one encounters it in all its ancestral glory even today. It has at times suffered variations, such as falling onto the bass fiddle, the xylophone or the cornet player's lap. But it hasn't been long before it has gone back to first principles. Men may forget many of the things which in their earliest days of theatre-going rewarded them, yet among them there lives not one so dead that he doesn't remember himself as a small boy howling with mirth when some descendant of Kelly seemed to slip and, after wildly grabbing at the air, dejected himself with a resounding boom upon the membrane at the far right of the orchestra pit, with the membrane's professor thereupon going through the motions of having been hit by a two-ton cannon-ball.

Stage Waits. — The season thus far has produced one play remarkable for something, Mae West's lambasted *Catherine Was Great*. Not before within the memory of the oldest reviewer has there been a dramatic specimen like this one which consisted almost wholly, when the star was off-stage, of otherwise superfluous scenes designed simply to kill the time necessary for her to change from one elaborate costume into another. The exhibit, in short, amounted to nothing more than a series of fancy gowns entirely unsurrounded by a play.

The devices stipulated by the author-star to the aforesaid couturière ends needed only the addition of a trained seal to convert the evening into an even worse vaudeville show. Requiring ten to twelve minutes to get out of her first circus costume into her second, Mae caused several actors made up with whiskers and hence representing diplomats to occupy the stage and to indulge in a lengthy disquisition on Russian political history which might just as well have been conveyed to the audience through two minutes of earlier dialogue. Requiring at least fifteen minutes to ungirdle herself from the second costume and strap herself into one that looked like the Ringling Brothers' lifetime savings, she brought on several other actors with greasepaint frowns painted on their brows and hence representing profound scholars to while away the time by quoting excerpts about the Russian Empress from the *Child's Book of Knowledge*. And needing fully

twenty minutes to get out of the Ringling outfit and deposit herself in a number which doubtless made the Barnum, Forepaugh and Sells-Floto families jump out of their graves and re-laugh themselves to death, she had recourse to the antics of a burlesque show fairy and to tricks performed by an amateur prestidigitator. None of these devices did anything to further the course of the play. Under the circumstances, Mae might have done a lot better by herself, to say nothing of her customers, by undressing and dressing in view of the audience.

* * *

Sailors. — The juvenility of the majority of our playwrights who concoct plays about sailors is reflected in their contemplation of the latter. Almost to a man they adhere to the credo that sailors as a class are as overpowered by their sexual instincts as *Lepus cuniculus*, whereas foot soldiers, the cavalry, artillery, the air forces and all other branches of the armed services are relatively as chill and moral as an equal number of polar bears. Like the notion that all Frenchmen are such lovers that the female population of France hasn't had a good night's sleep since most of them went away on the first Crusade under Godfrey of Bouillon, the idea that American sailors in the mass are even more copiously glandular pops up in the theatre almost every time an actor comes on in pants that flare at the bottom. Up to the time of writing

there have been but two plays out of all the scores I have seen during my many years of theatre-going which have displayed a sailor in any other light, and those plays, *Love On Leave* and *Men To The Sea*, were otherwise so bad that they failed instantly.

That there are sailors given to miscellaneous sex is unquestionably something of a fact, just as there are bookkeepers, cab drivers and Congressmen. But that every last single sailor the moment he hits land, even the Aleutians, can't restrain his libido and comports himself like a combination Petronius, Casanova and Hollywood movie director is a little hard to believe. The basis of the hypothesis is a bit shaky as well, involving as it does the invigorating nature of the salt air which the sailor constantly breathes, his long periods of enforced abstinence, the plain and hearty food he eats at sea, the stimulating regular hours, the enforced exercise, etc. Analysis finds most of such theoretical reasons for the tar's virility open to some skepticism.

The larger portion of the life of a sailor at sea isn't exactly like lounging in the breeze-swept palm court of the old *Berengaria*. For the small time he spends on the open deck there are many hours when he is somewhere down in the ship's innards, where the air isn't perceptibly more invigorating than it is in a Hoboken ginmill. Far from acquiring sexual desire, he instead finds it diminished by the exhausting routine of physical activities. The food which he gets aboard ship,

while substantial, is not of the kind that contributes to anatomical in-calescence and, in such cases as it is feared it may, is customarily dosed up with a depressant in the form of salt-peter.

He often sleeps in a small hammock, which has a tendency to make an anchorite for days afterward of almost any man, even a movie actor. Long abstinence, in its paradoxical fashion, tends sometimes to minimize his sexual urge. And so on. The idea,

incidentally, that long abstinence in itself is conducive to such amorous activity as would shame the heroes of all the plays that Sacha Guitry ever wrote, would, if true, make any sailor look like an amateur in comparison with any Arctic explorer, jailbird, or smallpox victim.

If the general conception of sailors is true, moreover, every highly respected admiral has a lot retroactively to answer for to his pastor, which is, of course, unthinkable.



DARK SEASON

BY MARION DOYLE

Now the dark season is upon them. Now
 The sharp white teeth of frost have marred the fruit,
 The last bright globe upon the topmost bough:
 But gnawed in vain to reach the valiant root.
 The leaves let loose upon the furious wind
 Are scattered to the far rims of the world —
 But in the root, before the boughs were thinned,
 Their elemental lineage was furled.

Let winter storm the naked skeleton
 And force his iron armor on each limb:
 These trees are faithful only to the sun —
 And will admit no fealty to him,
 Knowing of old the transience of his season;
 Spring's essence safe beneath the frozen grass,
 Ignore the savagery of nature's treason,
 Strong in the certainty: This too will pass.

MEN OF THE NEW FRANCE

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

ON August 25 I rolled through the Porte d'Orléans into Paris alongside the triumphant columns of General Leclerc and his red-bereted Free French troops. On the Boulevard Raspail a volley of bullets from a rooftop sent the crowds scrambling. The pro-Nazi Milice were battling the FFI from fortified positions in an apartment house. A lifeless young FFI patriot lay crumpled in the gutter. His companions shot back from any cover they could get.

These FFI fighters were the children of the new France. Thousands of them died patriots' deaths in underground warfare — publishing resistance papers, operating clandestine radio stations, harassing the Nazis by sabotage and guerrilla forays. Many died miserably in the concentration camps and prisons of the Gestapo. In the Paris street-fighting of the liberation alone, about 1500 were killed and many times that number wounded.

In the underground warfare against the invader, no toddler was too young to take part. In the case of the very young children it was an instinctive matter of refusing to make up with

the strangers. They helped keep the atmosphere unfriendly for the ubiquitous men in gray-green. That was important psychological resistance, for the French child warms quickly to newcomers. In Normandy, where the populace was rather cold to Americans, it was the children who broke the ice and got their elders to smile and wave. One little chap stands out in my memory — the four-year-old tyke of Carentan. For hours each day he stood in front of his house, chest out, face serious, making the V sign at passing American cars. His one-man good-will mission got a big hand from the American soldiers.

THE younger French children have no memory of any life except that of the occupation years. In many households the parents were engaged in dangerous underground activities — sabotaging enemy property, sheltering Gestapo quarries, etc. Escaped Allied prisoners and hunted patriots were passed from one family to another right across France. The children were in on the secret. They knew there was an American airman or a

HENRY C. WOLFE, foreign correspondent and specialist in Nazi Germany's foreign policy, has recently returned from France. He is a frequent contributor to national magazines and is the author of *The German Octopus*.

British commando hidden in the attic or the haystack. They knew, too, that unspeakable torture and a hideous death were the penalties for thwarting the Gestapo. Yet they courageously aided their parents' work, doing reconnaissance jobs, cutting the tires of German cars, or perhaps just keeping discreet silence.

Countless were the ruses and deceptions practised by the boys and girls of France in outwitting the oppressor. "Yes, he turned to the left," was a fast answer that saved the life of many a fugitive who took a street to the right.

The small children of one family played group games to distract the German soldiers while their parents whisked patriots across the frontier. That family alone accounted for the escape of hundreds of men and women. Children scribbled V's and other taunts in places that would bring a reproof from the Nazis. While the reproof was being administered, the children's FFI fellow conspirators had a chance to get away with a very nice program of sabotage.

Hunger was the daily lot of these infant crusaders. Except in the rich dairy lands of Normandy and a few other districts, the Nazis kept the children cruelly undernourished. In the plan to starve young France into subserviency, the daily minimum of calories was cut in half. Instead of the regulation 100 grams of meat a day, French children got 20. By February 1944, the standard daily minimum of 60 grams of fat had been reduced to

2. A million little ones died of malnutrition. Over half the children under two have rickets. Tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, typhoid and other diseases took a sharp upswing, especially among the young city dwellers. Retarded growth, low vitality and poor stamina became widespread among children.

Spiritually, the hunger program boomeranged for the Nazis. Far from inducing subservience in the young, it stimulated resistance. Instead of promoting regimentation, it strengthened individualism. Never have I seen the French children so frank-eyed, high-spirited and independent. The black-smocked schoolboy of 1917 was a rather subdued little fellow, but the boys of liberated France have grins, though no smocks. "Why, these are just like American kids," our soldiers keep saying. There is a natural comradeship between them. And it is not just a matter of a khaki Santa Claus who comes through on that standard family-size request: "*Cigarettes pour papa, bons-bons pour maman, et gum-gum pour moi.*" French children made no requests of the well-supplied Germans, and coldly refused their proffered gifts. No, American soldiers and their young French friends speak the same language spiritually — the easy parlance of freemen everywhere.

AMONG the French who failed to speak that language were some of the farmers in Normandy. Typical of these tight-lipped Norman coun-

trymen is Pierre X, who operates a farm near Valognes. Before the war his beef and dairy products went largely to Paris. When the Germans occupied France he found that Nazi economic barriers cut him off from his old customers. After some weeks of confusion he was approached by new middlemen who paid him well for his produce. The middlemen — collaborationists — sold to the Paris black market. The half-starved Parisians found prices sharply rising. Yet in order to live they had to buy food in the black market — at black market prices. It was catastrophic for them, but it was profitable business for the collaborationist middlemen, for the Nazis — and for the farmer.

M. X still loved *la patrie*. But, he rationalized, France had lost the war; the Nazis were masters of France; and he needed cash to buy tools, kerosene, feed and clothing. So he sold his products for cash and did not find the occupation too uncomfortable.

When the Americans landed in Normandy, M. X was not glad to see them. He did not consider himself a collaborationist. Actually he had little contact with the Germans. But with the Americans came hard fighting that destroyed Norman towns, ripped great holes in M. X's fields, and strewn dead farm animals in its wake. M. X made no hostile gesture toward the newcomers. He simply turned his back on them when he met them in his fields.

M. X never had any contact with the Gestapo. Frenchmen who came

under Gestapo pressure hated the Nazis. It was they who sparked the resistance. City dwellers suffered more from the Gestapo than did the peasants. And of all the French peasants the Normans suffered least.

No class in France suffered more than the middle class. It was they who bore the economic brunt of the war. German economic penetration ruined their businesses, Nazi regimentation took control of their industries, Allied bombing often wrecked their plants which had been forced to work for the enemy war machine. Inflation wrought the worst havoc and hurt the greatest number of people. They saw the value of their savings accounts, bonds and life insurance melt away. In desperation they tried to exchange their shrinking money for something tangible. That in turn helped drive up prices and lessen the purchasing power of the franc.

One day I was in a Paris store when a woman shopkeeper came in to get a thousand-franc note changed. As she was leaving she contemptuously crumpled the ten one-hundred-franc notes in her hand. "Just so much paper, Monsieur!"

"They may be just paper to you, Madame," I protested, "but I have to pay twenty dollars for a thousand francs."

"Twenty American dollars?" she asked in surprise. She seemed deeply impressed. Looking down at her notes, she smoothed them out carefully and put them into her wallet.

ON the day of the liberation of Paris I was greeted by a *mutilé* of World War I. He walked with a limp; his right sleeve was empty. In his lapel was the *medaille militaire*, issued only for unusual bravery in action. "These four terrible years!" he exclaimed. "I hope they have taught all of us in France the need for unity. It is ironical that a nation which stood fast at Verdun fell apart after the victory. But all this suffering will not have been in vain if it teaches Frenchmen that they must hold together."

A worn-looking elderly man who accompanied the veteran spoke up. "But is that not true of the whole world? France is only a small stage where the world's mistakes have been played."

"My friend is a professor of history," smiled the *mutilé*. "He thinks in terms of the universe. I am only a simple man who managed a small furniture factory."

"Yes," put in the professor, "and because he would not collaborate he could get no wood. The little factory had to shut down. But out of his loss and all our sacrifices can come great good. There is too much materialism in the world today. Those who have no spiritual strength cannot continue to enjoy material things. If only the world will learn that from what has happened in France!"

AMERICANS who visited Paris before the war will remember the good waffles and maple syrup at Pam-Pam. The morning after the liberation I

walked around the corner of the *Café de la Paix* to see if there was still a Pam-Pam. Just as I was approaching, the shutters went up, revealing the genial face of the proprietor, Georges Marcovich. Pam-Pam was opening.

True, the Germans had come there during the occupation. But Pam-Pam had a way of making them feel uncomfortable. When the men in field-gray entered, the other patrons—many of them resistance workers—left. The Germans had the place to themselves, and they did not like it.

Now Georges was beaming. "I have almost nothing to serve—a little syrup, but no flour, some bread and paté, and drinks of a sort. But even if we have nothing to eat or drink, we'll stay open. This is symbolic. It's the spirit of the liberation. It's symbolic of the spirit of Paris!"

ON a quiet street not far from the Gare St. Lazare lives Georges Duhamel, probably the best-known of French writers and permanent secretary of the French Academy. M. Duhamel's prestige is greater today than before the war. By his writings and his moral resistance he encouraged his compatriots of the underground—encouraged all fighting France. The pro-Nazi French realized that. In issue after issue the Nazified *Je Suis Partout* cried, "Why is Duhamel not in jail?"

The Germans did search his home, burned and proscribed his books, imprisoned members of his family. But his moral position was so powerful

that not even the Gestapo and their French henchmen dared lay hands on him. As one French woman put it: "Himmler feared Georges Duhamel alive, but he feared him dead a thousand times more."

When I visited the courageous French writer at his home, he spoke mostly of French resistance to Nazi regimentation of thought. That was the most vital kind of resistance, he said. "If people stopped thinking for ten years, civilization would die."

BUT it is not M. Duhamel or any of the other adult patriots who typify liberated France for me. It is two youngsters, a twelve-year-old girl and a fourteen-year-old boy.

The girl lives in a town west of Chartres. On our way to Paris we were held up in her town by a convoy. She was the eldest of the bright-faced children who crowded about our car. Neither she nor the others asked for a thing, but we handed her some nickel rolls of hard candy. She thanked us charmingly in the few words of English she had learned at school, then gravely divided the candy among the smaller children. As the car was about to start, I gave her more of the candy. "Keep this for yourself," I scolded. To the smaller fry I emphasized: "This is for the little girl." When last I saw her, she was passing the candy out to the juniors.

On my way from Paris to Cherbourg I got a lift as far as Dreux in a jeep. The driver was supposed to

drop me off at a corner where I was to catch my next ride toward Cherbourg. I found myself on the wrong corner — myself and gear that included a big blanket roll and a heavy duffle bag. Where was the right corner and how was I to get there?

I looked around for a porter. No such thing, of course. Then I saw the boy. He was working outside a store. Had he a little wagon of some sort? With the utmost courtesy he brought out a little wagon and loaded my baggage into it. Expecting to pay so cooperative a young man well, I walked on ahead. An American M.P. indicated that my corner was half a mile away, on the other side of town. It was a hot, dusty trek. We had to hug doorways to keep from under the wheels of whizzing American trucks. But we made the corner, and I was very grateful.

I reached into my pocket. The boy shook his head. "But you are an ally, Monsieur; I could not accept anything from you." I fished around for an idea. "You have a little sister, perhaps? She would like a souvenir." The boy held his hand above his head. "My sister is so high," he explained. "A baby brother then?" No, he had no brother. I clumsily took out some money and he backed away, hurt. "You are my ally, Monsieur." Then he stretched out a hearty hand. We shook. He saluted smartly with a "*Vive l'Amériquel*" Deeply moved, I returned the salute. "*Vive la France!*" I called. "*Et vive la jeunesse française!*"

THIS WAS ZIEGFELD

BY BERNARD SOBEL

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD was the kind of man people want to know about and puzzle over. Always himself, without reservation or apology, he was a combination of worker and playboy, patrician and vulgarian, alternately cruel, gentle, pestiferous and lovable. Even today, twelve years after his death, the spell of his personality and the force of his achievements persist. He remains the Old Master of musical comedy and revue, in spite of such brilliant challengers as Billy Rose and Michael Todd.

As a star-maker his record is extraordinary. Every outstanding comedian of his time, except one, appeared under Ziegfeld's management: W. C. Fields, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, Jim Barton, Eddie Cantor, Leon Errol, Sophie Tucker, Bert Williams.

The exception was Al Jolson; and Ziegfeld finally managed to capture him also, through a suave and speedy procedure. Hearing reports that Ruby Keeler was going to marry Al, Ziegfeld straightway engaged her to star in *Show Girl*. Then he formed a friendly liaison with Al, dined him,

wined him and eventually induced him to sing to Ruby, his bride, across the footlights, at the opening performance of the musical.

The stunt was so successful and so gratifying to everyone's vanity that it had to be repeated again and again. Ziegfeld, as usual, got what he wanted: Jolson, the hold-out, was appearing under his management — and free of charge.

As a theatrical financier, Ziggy approximated necromancy. Whether his shows were hits or flops, he could always get money for a new one. But where he got it, continues to be a mystery, a mystery colored with names like Otto Kahn, Leonard Replogle, A. L. Erlanger, and Vincent Astor.

Inexhaustible were Ziggy's energy and ambition. He was always on the job, night and day. Sitting in his office or at home, lying comfortably in bed, he was continuously on the telephone, commanding, checking up, nagging and plotting to buy up other producers' choice properties. He would engage the best man obtainable, an

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expert manager like Stanley Sharpe; then put another expert like Dan Curry on the same assignment, deliberately setting up a rivalry which would operate to his advantage. Though his companies were resplendent with beautiful women, he sent me to Atlantic City for the express purpose of stealing a prominent show girl, Dorothy Knapp, away from Earl Carroll's management.

But it is doubtful whether any other producer ever commanded the respect which the entire theatrical profession gave him. The words, "Ziegfeld is out front," would stimulate players to do their artistic best, whether they were appearing in a legitimate show or a musical. Recognition from him was the highest accolade.

In his own productions, the force of the man's personality had a continuous and automatic disciplinary effect. Perfect order, good manners and camaraderie prevailed. Everyone wanted to please him. Only one actor failed importantly to comply with his wishes — Eddie Cantor. For, in spite of the strict rules of Ziegfeld against bringing strangers backstage, he continually entertained guests in his dressing room where he put on a personal show, telling stories, reminiscing, playing jokes and using up his strength. Sometimes, between scenes, he would rush into the theatre in full make-up, mix with the audience in the rear of the house, and hang around the lobby, kidding with box-office treasurers and transients. Often, too, he used his

stellar prominence to plug Goldman Sachs stock from the stage, regardless of the potential danger of sweeping financial recommendations. . . . Ziggy, like an indulgent father, would always forgive Eddie.

With other stars, however, he was not always so tolerant. When *Rosalie*, for instance, started falling off at the box office, Ziggy sent such a scorching letter to the star, Marilyn Miller, concerning the presentation of her song numbers that she went to the company manager, in tears, saying:

"It's not my fault if the book is badly written. I can't go out on the streets and force people to buy seats."

Equally cruel, during the run of *Hotcha*, Ziggy would pay a friendly visit to Bert Lahr in his dressing room, then go back to the office and send him a heart-breaking telegram:

DEAR BERT CANT UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU LET SHOW DOWN IN
SECOND ACT BULL FIGHT SCENE
WHICH COST ME FIFTY THOU-
SAND YOU RUINED COMPLETELY
BETTER REHEARSE ALL DAY TO-
MORROW SO THAT WONDERFUL
COMEDY LINES GET ACROSS
EVERYTHING MUST BE PERFECT
BY THURSDAY NIGHT CALL EN-
TIRE COMPANY FOR REHEARSAL
LETS GET PROPER PACING LOVE
FLO

Typically illustrative of the man were the telegrams he sent me through the many years I worked for him. He was always goading me on to get more space, never satisfied and seldom praising. Finally, our business relations came to a climax when I decided to leave him to work for Anne Nichols

on the Paramount screen-version of *Abie's Irish Rose*.

As soon as he received my resignation he offered me a higher salary and a vacation, but when these inducements failed to hold me, he went straight to Adolph Zukor, then president of Paramount Pictures, and contrived to get him to ask Miss Nichols to dispense with my services. That procedure failing also, he set up new obstacles that caused me a great deal of unhappiness. But when I persisted in remaining with Miss Nichols, he sent me the following wire:

I FORGIVE YOU FOR LEAVING
ME PERHAPS NEXT TIME YOUR
WORD WILL BE GOOD I WILL
TRY TO DO ALL MY OWN PRESS
WORK HEREAFTER AS I HAVE
NOTHING TO DO AND CAN THUS
SAVE THREE SEVENTY FIVE
WEEKLY PLUS FIFTY DOLLARS
FOR EACH SHOW IN ALL FOUR
TWENTY FIVE WEEKLY THAT IS
WHAT I HAVE ASKED KINGSTON
TO PAY YOU I HOPE YOUR POOR
NERVES WILL SOON GET RESTED
AFTER YOU LEAVE ME I SUPPOSE
YOU ARE ALREADY EATING
NOTHING BUT MATZOHS PLEASE
SEND ME SIX BOXES ON 6:40
TRAIN TONIGHT WHEN DO YOU
MOVE TO YOUR ABIES IRISH ROSE
QUARTERS IN THE BRONX GOOD
LUCK MY POOR MISGUIDED BEST
PRESS AGENT IN THE WORLD
ZIEGFELD

As a matter of fact, Florenz Ziegfeld represented the divine right of theatrical producers while the box office is going strong. In the rôle of lord of all he surveyed, he doubled salaries in gold, beginning with his personal rep-

resentative, Samuel F. Kingston, and ending with the scrubwoman and doorman. He threw tradesmen's bills into the wastebasket and tried to trick the New York Theatre Program Company into giving him extra credits space. In one of his many generous moods he gave a benefit for the *Herald Tribune* Radio Fund for the Blind that enlisted the complimentary services of the stars of four companies, together with choruses and ballets. He traveled on private trains and went to Europe in the royal suite of the *S. S. Majestic*. He encouraged litigation, distributed orchids and sent a member of his staff, Percy Thomas, all the way to Baltimore for a brace of quails which he had ordered by long distance. He made theatrical history by transferring Gypsy Rose Lee from Irving Square burlesque to glorified musical comedy and by severing Jimmy Durante from his veteran associates, Clayton and Jackson.

II

His achievements were as varied as they were unpredictable. He started the fashion for wearing colored shirts, told Billie Burke to use less rouge, advised Evelyn Laye to wear white. He imperiled a quarter of a million on a production, then whined about the cost of a pair of silk slippers. He revolutionized Broadway custom by letting the anonymous "little girl on the end" have a name and place on the program, pictures and publicity. Perfect judge of the female figure, he

dared to glorify gorgeous nudes like Beryl Halley, in spite of such a watchdog of conventional propriety in that day as Anthony Comstock.

The most interesting example, however, of Ziggy's assumption of sovereign powers was demonstrated in the engagement of Reri, a girl from Tahiti, whom he happened to see one afternoon in a silent movie called *Typhoon*. He didn't know then whether she could sing, speak English, dance or read dialogue. But fascinated by her beauty and her swimming skill, he decided to give her a leading part in his forthcoming *Follies*. Whereupon, on returning to his office, he commanded his staff to transport Reri from the tropics to Broadway as casually as if he were ordering a ham sandwich.

Carrying out this order, however, was not easy. No one could learn Reri's full name, her address, or the exact name and address of the foreign film company under whose management she appeared.

For a time, as a result, it looked as if Reri, in spite of Ziggy's command, would have to remain in Tahiti. Then a travel agency came to the rescue; and after six weeks of long-distance telephoning, cabling and discussions with notaries, consuls and bank presidents, the girl finally arrived in America, accompanied by an entourage such as would accompany a great star or personage.

Affable, attractive and surprisingly adaptable, Reri was at home the minute she touched American soil. She made friends with everyone, became

an incessant smoker (snuffing out the cigarettes with her bare feet), and adorned night clubs, cocktail parties and saloons. She attracted reams of publicity and undoubtedly brought people to the show — for a while. But try as she would, she couldn't do anything they liked — not even her native dances.

The situation seemed hopeless, but Ziggy, characteristically, tried every possible way to put her over: ordered new musical transcriptions and additional costumes, surrounded her with native musicians, brought on extra chorus and show girls. Finally, he did the only thing left for him to do: he fired the exotic Reri, child of nature, and the most over-publicized artist of the theatrical season.

A month or so later, she was appearing in second-rate clubs. Then she disappeared from the theatrical world forever; and whether Ziggy ever gave another thought to the girl whom he had uprooted from foreign soil is doubtful.

Yet, regardless of his seemingly cold, realistic and hard Broadway attitude, he often proved naïve and hopelessly inexperienced. He was taken in, time after time, by the very publicity he authorized. When, during a Chicago run of the *Follies*, I sent out a press story that Ray Dooley, star of the revue, would fight his edict against chorus girls wearing make-up on the streets, he wired back that he would report her to Equity.

Though he had engaged many fine sopranos like Mary Lewis, Yvonne

D'Arle and Vivienne Segal, he was never interested in Grace Moore. But the day that the story of her Metropolitan debut broke in the papers, he called her up and offered to star her in a musical version of *The Three Musketeers*.

The contradictory nature of the man's talents was a continuous cause for surprise. His artistic sense was certain, though he had little training, and according to his secretary, Goldie Stanton, he never read a book or even mentioned one. One day, Kenyon Nicholson, the playwright, asked him to write the introduction for a volume called *Revue*s, and he proceeded to do so at once with his customary originality. Several months later the book was published with his name so prominently displayed on the cover and jacket that he seemed to be the sole author. But the next day the office boy found the book in the wastebasket. Obviously authorship held no thrills for the glorifier.

What was probably the brightest period in Ziegfeld's life came about through his association with William Randolph Hearst. For years and years Ziegfeld had rebelled and fought against a commercial system which still prevails, whereby the man who owns a theatre gets a disproportionate percentage of the box-office receipts for the mere rental. As the years went by and Ziegfeld worked, suffered and struggled, turning out one success after another, he saw Erlanger getting richer and richer, largely through the possession of walls and a roof.

"If I only had a theatre of my own," Ziegfeld used to say longingly, "things would be different."

Fortunately, one day Hearst heard his plaint and proceeded to build for him the playhouse which bears his name, Ziegfeld Theatre, at Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, perhaps the most beautiful in New York, the embodiment of Ziegfeld's taste, architecturally expressed by his friend, Joseph Urban.

With his usual concern for the actors' comfort, Ziegfeld saw to it that the dressing rooms were hospitable, airy, completely equipped. The stage boasted every appliance necessary for a smooth performance. The auditorium with its handsome murals and comfortable chairs had something of the grace and warmth of Ziegfeld's own home. His staff had a floor and a half to itself while he had a special suite, noteworthy for its luxuriousness and conveniences. There was a great outer office and an inner private office with a huge refectory table, crowded with vases, pictures of Billie Burke and Patricia, all sorts of bronze, porcelain and silver elephants. There was also a special door leading from his office to a private balcony from which Ziegfeld could follow every moment of the performance.

III

At the height of the boom, his spirits were exuberant. His beloved family was living lavishly at Berkeley Crest, Hastings-on-Hudson, surrounded by

maids, cooks, chauffeurs, valet, gardener, nurse and butler. Everything was done in the grand manner. When the Ziegfelds went to the opera, they sat in the Vanderbilt box. When they went sailing, they chartered a private yacht. In Palm Beach, they belonged to the exclusive Beach Club whose members included the Stotesburys and Anthony Drexel Biddle, Jr. Patricia had a specially built playhouse, a large replica of Martha Washington's home, historically accurate in every detail. She also had a real zoo with young tigers, cockatoos, elephants and a pet monkey.

Then there came a sudden change in the producer's fortunes. The day the stock market tumbled, his gilded realm, totaling two million dollars in cash alone, began to totter. Up to then, his millionaire friends had come to his aid, but this time they also went down with the avalanche. Misfortunes increased. Business fell off at the box office. Ziggy's health began to fail. Creditors began to demand an accounting. Sometimes he had to leave the theatre through the back door, because a determined sheriff was standing at the front.

One solemn day, the famous Ziegfeld Theatre was without a show. Snow covered the roof, and the windows were white with frost. The glorifier walked into his office wearing his handsome beaver-lined coat, still an impressive picture of prosperity. Yet, oddly enough, instead of removing the heavy coat, he kept it on all day long. He had to do so, as a

matter of fact, to keep warm, for there was no fire in the furnace and he didn't have enough money to buy coal.

Worse yet, Ziegfeld had failed to adjust himself to oncoming theatrical trends. His competitors were offering a new type of revue sketch, brightly bawdy in the polished manner of *The Voice of the Turtle*. The critics dubbed the new style, *sophistication*; and Ziggy was soon using the term to express his contempt and derision without really understanding its current connotations.

Similarly impractical was his attitude toward the movies and radio. When the motion pictures became popular, his glorified girls supplied the screen with many of its stars: Olive Thomas, Marion Davies, Billie Dove, Martha Mansfield, Mae Murray, Jacqueline Logan and many others. Fearing, however, that this new type of amusement might eventually hurt the theatre, Ziggy started a campaign against the movies — deliberately attacking them in paid advertisements which read as follows:

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES — GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL IN THE FLESH — NOT CANNED

And when radio started to align itself with the stage and to borrow Broadway artists for special programs, he refused to release his stars for air programs or to recognize the value of this form of publicity. Following the market crash, however, when he was offered something like six thousand dollars a week for a Ziegfeld radio

hour, he grudgingly signed the agreement to take part in the program. After the first two or three programs, Eddie Dowling, who acted as master of ceremonies, recalls that Ziegfeld began to take a great interest in his scripts. He studied them carefully, took direction conscientiously and succeeded in putting his personality

over on the air. Then something surprising happened.

"By the way," Ziggy remarked during a program conference, "I had nine lines in the first script and twelve in the second. Don't you think that I ought to have a few more in the next?"

The great Ziegfeld had turned into a ham.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Gray Squirrel

THERE is scarcely a more difficult question in the interpretation of nature (unless it be the accurate tracing of the branching biological roots of moral law, or the accurate reading, by a blend of scientific sight and empathic insight, of those animal instincts, cunning and intuitive competencies which belong to the twilight between the darkness of pre-consciousness and the bright daylight of rational mind) than the question of the way in which all phenomena are interlinked in a web of causality and dependence. Our human minds being small, and our concerns bounded and particular, we do not comfortably make large syntheses. As the traditional language of religion puts it, it is very hard to attempt, even a little, to think God's thoughts after Him. So we commonly have the habit of chopping up experience into little bits, detaching them one from the other, and giving each fragment the quality of an independent entity. We are very nearly compelled to this, of course; were we to see reality, whole, it would split our skulls. But at least a degree of realization that no such independencies do in fact exist — that in fact an unseverable bond connects a man with a star, a mouse with

a mushroom, the body with the mind, the withering of a tree in Borneo with the rising of a tide at Cape Cod — a degree of this realization is essential if we would not altogether falsify the fact that nature is a fused wholeness and continuum. Though we cannot, by the most vigorous scientific or metaphysical exercises, look full upon totality and see it as such, we do require to bear in mind that it is true, in philosophy if not in mathematics, that the Many are in sum the One.

All of which may seem, likely enough, a ponderous fashion of getting around to the consideration of gray squirrels. Is it to be fancied that the inconsequential little Shadow-Tail (which is the meaning, literally, of the two Greek words compounded into "squirrel") is a factor of significance in the natural web of life? This bedraggled little petitioner for peanuts, this beggarly little fellow of the parks . . . is it to be understood that this negligible beastie possesses, in some large and solemn sense, a meaning for us? Precisely so. Upon ten thousand wooded hills, in ten thousand wooded valleys, grow the towering ranks of our far-from-inconsequential hickory trees, butternuts, walnuts. How do they come there?

The gray squirrels plant them. Oh, not all of them, of course. Some have grown from nuts planted by jays or buried by favorable natural accidents. But most are sprung from nuts cached in the earth by squirrels, in excess practice of the instinct to storage. An acorn, falling casually on the earth, may send down a root and establish itself. But a hickory or a walnut requires to be buried in the soil. A single gray squirrel in the early hours of an autumn morning often buries a hundred of them.

In the natural web of life, no ingredient is negligible or neutral. Alter the population of a species, and a dozen or a hundred other species are connectedly affected. Snap a strand here, and ten other strands, unnoticeably knotted to it, are sundered. Fire a shot at a common gray squirrel, and there may be prevented the growing of a future forest. The texture of nature has a closeness as beautiful and terrible as that.

With an understanding of squirrels' biological significance, new meaning is given to the historical record of the numbers in which they once thronged the American outdoors. Gray squirrels are not rare even now. To most countrymen they continue as familiar a part of the autumn as the crackle of withered oak-leaves and the smell of wood-smoke and apples. But the records of the wilderness days are startling to read. On a three-day hunt in Ohio in 1822, the gray squirrels taken were 19,660. Migrating from area to area in the fall of the year, squirrels

traveled in gatherings estimated to contain nearly a quarter of a million. There are records, not to be disputed, of bands of squirrels advancing along fronts a hundred miles wide, and requiring five days to pass. We have no accurate count of what may have been the total number of squirrels in the primitive day when the country was still an unmolested garden of wilderness and wildlife. But Seton, in a careful calculation, has made a guess at it. The guess is a billion.

So much for the meaningfulness of squirrels, from our human view. But it should be a lopsided kind of natural history that would treat of any animal only as humanly affective. A squirrel is a life: an adventure in being. Squirrel-viewed, that life means the cunning using of a plummy tail, the making of nests, the lores of storage, and mating and feeding and outwitting death.

II

Commonly a gray squirrel has two homes, used seasonally: a home in a tree-hollow for winter and spring; a bulky nest built of twigs and leaves, with a grass-lined chamber at the heart of it, for use in summer. It is generally in the former that the babies are born. In the northeast they come in March or April, forty-odd days after the parents' mating. They lie huddled together, perhaps three or five of them, naked, blind, almost as incompletely formed as foetuses. More

than a month must pass before they see. Often not until May are they fully furred and fluffy-tailed. There is no weaning, in the sense of the mother's bringing them foodstuffs in the nest before they forage independently. Until they are ready for outdoors, they suck. Once abroad for themselves, they take up the diet of mature squirrelhood. Though his birthplace may remain his home-nest until the coming of the mother's next brood, a young squirrel, after his first few tentative sallies from the hollow-tree home, takes on adulthood quickly.

The life-pattern he adopts is pe-

culiarly a pattern of mornings and evenings. From sunrise to early forenoon, and from dusk to early darkness, are a gray's times of activity. While the sun is high, he retires to the nest or dozes hiddenly on a lofty branch, in prolonged siesta. His excursions in dawn and twilight are mostly among the branches of the woods, for a gray is a timber-haunter to greater degree than the red squirrels or the ground-foraging chipmunks. Shadow-Tail may spend hours in feeding without coming to earth. He requires, unlike many animals, considerable water, and may come down to drink; but the tree-heights afford



Gray Squirrel

Frank Utpalel

him innumerable foods he finds acceptable: buds, twigs, leaves, seeds, nuts, berries, fungi and occasionally (very rarely) the contents of a bird's nest. Swinging, leaping, scrabbling, Shadow-Tail busies himself high above the earth.

It is the genius of a squirrel to be sure-footed. But even a squirrel, in a life of such incessant hazardous acrobatics, must sometimes slip. Here enters a major service of his enormous, fluffy-light tail. The tail is to a squirrel what vision is to a hawk, or fleetness to a deer, or wariness to a fox. He lives by it. In the pre-mating fights amongst male squirrels, the tail serves as a kind of foil. In flight from enemies, it serves as a protective deception. (What cat has not pounced after a squirrel, and found itself with only a tuft of fluffy tail-fur, while the tail's owner streaked safely away?) In the broiling sun of summer, a gray's tail curls over him as parasol. In the zero midnight of midwinter, the tail wraps him against freezing. Most importantly of all, let the squirrel miss his footing in a tree-top leap and he is saved by his tail. Instinctively he flattens his silvery body, spreads his four legs wide, and extends to its maximum his tail's bulky fluff. The tail slows his fall in the fashion of a parachute. A squirrel can tumble from the top of the tallest oak (or jump purposely from it, if an enemy has treed him) and land on frost-hard ground without injury.

Shadow-Tail's morning and evening outings are not all given, of

course, to feeding. There is singing. (What other name for the ringing *cak-cak-cak-crrrrrrr!* with which, in season and out, he exuberates at the rising of the sun?) There are games; for while squirrels are not specially gregarious, they troop together in the feeding hours and race in ecstatic games of tag and leaping rigmaroles from tree to tree. There is the perfecting of the squirrel-stratagems of sidling and "freezing": the art of edging around a tree-trunk with such subtle skill and timing as to let a watching enemy have scarcely a glimpse of you, and the art of remaining absolutely motionless, hugging a limb, after you have attracted dangerous attention by a noisy jump through the leaves. These arts are as native and natural in squirrel-life as the lore which prompts a mother squirrel, when peril has threatened her nest, to take her babies cunningly by the napes of their necks, cat-fashion, and move them to a new locality, or the lore whereby Shadow-Tail inspects each nut at storage-time with solemn carefulness, and, if a nut has a crack in it, condemns it for storage and eats it on the spot.

Feeding, playing, whickering and chattering his teeth in a woods-alarm when his bright black eyes have spied a prowling hawk or owl or weasel, sitting by his nest at noonday and cleaning and dressing the soft white fur of his underparts. . . . Shadow-Tail's summer passes. Presently there has come a tartness and a tang in the air, the far blue hills sharpened clearer

and bluer, the green woods turned red and brown and bronze. It is the autumn: the season when squirrelhood comes into its special and peculiar own.

Peanuts are not a normal food for squirrels. They are one reason why squirrels in parks grow scraggly and lusterless. What the wild, natural Shadow-Tail especially esteems are hickories. Now, in the autumn, he can hardly wait for them. He strips them, green, from the shagbarks, in a fury of appetite. Every sun-up, every evening, he patters incessantly up and down the nut trees, harvesting, inspecting, eating, storing. His way is to take the nut in his small, adroit forepaws, and turn it carefully over and over, licking it. His sign and seal on it, he scampers off with it a little way and digs a hole in the earth, perhaps three inches deep. The nut is inserted, point downward, the soil scooped back over it, the disturbed fallen leaves raked and smoothed to look as they did before. Shadow-Tail is back up the tree again, detaching another morsel. He eats hardly more than two or three nuts of each dozen harvested. The number of his cached

ones, as the autumn rolls on, may mount eventually to thousands.

On a winter's day when the snow lies deep, Shadow-Tail makes final fulfillment of his squirrely destiny. He sets out to undertake the retrieving of what he has stored. It is his animal gift of place-memory that leads him, across the white snow-transformed landscape, to the general area where he has made one of his caches. After that, his guidance is his sense of smell, a sense that to beings whose animal-awarenesses are grown blunt and dim seems nearly preternatural. Shadow-Tail can detect the scent from a buried nut that lies under a foot of snow. He tunnels straight to it, comes up all disarrayed and snowy, and settles to nibbling the reward of his uncalculated providence. Nature (in Burroughs' phrase) has been wise for him; and also wise — to continue that idiom — for the maintenance of the larger web of life. For with the best place-memory, the keenest scent, Shadow-Tail will not recover all his caches. As unconsciously as earthworms renew the soil, as unconsciously as bacilli reduce an over-populace of rabbits, he will have planted trees.



HINTON HELPER AND HIS CRISIS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

By all odds the most completely forgotten figure of the entire Abolition movement in the United States is Hinton Rowan Helper, a true Southern gentleman of the old school, complete with frock coat, boiled white shirt, string tie and neat goatee. Of distinguished appearance and address, he was tall, spare and soft-voiced, an embodiment of all the graces of the Old South. That is, except for his ideas about slavery.

No one, so far as records show, was ever hanged for owning a copy of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or even arrested. Such was not the case with *The Impending Crisis*, the 413 pages of carefully prepared and concentrated dynamite that Helper wrote and published in 1857. Men *were* hanged for possessing this book. Many more men were mobbed, and the legislatures of the South passed laws specifically forbidding its sale, purchase and even its possession. It was also the book that for a time shook the august Congress of the United States to its very foundations.

There wasn't a bloodhound in Helper's book. In it no sadistic Legree beat and tortured slaves. What made it particularly infuriating to the South was that the author was one of them,

a member of the slave-owning class. He knew, as Mrs. Stowe didn't, what he was talking about.

Born in 1829 and raised on a North Carolina farm that was worked by his father's slaves, Helper was graduated from Mocksville Academy in 1848, worked briefly in a store at Salisbury, also in his native state, and in 1850 took a ship around the Horn to California. He remained there three years, and returned East in 1855 to write a book about the wonders of the Golden State.

Ever since his boyhood Helper had been reflecting on the effects of slavery. He had seen it in practice at his own home. He thought it economically unsound, and the more he saw of it the more certain he became that it should cease. The moral aspects of slavery did not trouble him in the least. He looked upon the Negro as, at best, a sub-species of humanity, incapable of being civilized. And now, after his travels through the North and West, he came to think that the South was being left behind — a social and economic desert. He was constantly being amazed, he related, at what he termed the progress of the rest of the United States as compared to his own beloved South.

Helper decided he should write a book of warning. For the next four years he traveled about the country, gathering his materials and writing. He completed the manuscript in Baltimore in 1857, and attempted first to have it published there. The printer refused, and cited a Maryland law, passed in 1831, that forbade the printing of anything that "had a tendency to excite discontent amongst people of color." Helper was as disgusted as he was disappointed. Packing the bulky manuscript into his valise, he went to New York.

Here he ran into more discouragement. Harper's read the script and politely said they did not care to publish it. It was the same at Appleton's, at Scribner's and a few other established houses. Weeks passed while the tall, courteous young man with the misleading drawl tramped the streets and waited in editorial offices. Finally he approached a firm of combined publishers and book agents, one of those concerns which printed any old book they thought that their door-knocking agents could sell in the hinterland. The firm was Burdick Brothers, of 8 Spruce Street, New York City, and they were men who tried to play safe. They told Helper they would publish the book if he would guarantee them the cost of paper and printing. Helper agreed, and the book appeared late in 1857.

For the next several years Burdick Brothers had time for printing little else than Helper's book, the complete title of which was *The Impending Crisis*

of the South: How to Meet It. It is interesting to note that the first edition was dedicated to Henry M. Willis of California, formerly of Maryland; Woodford C. Holman of Oregon, formerly of Kentucky; and Matthew K. Smith of Washington Territory, formerly of Virginia. Also, it went on to say on its title page, "to the Non-Slaveholding Whites of the South, generally, Whether at Home or Abroad, This Work Is Most Cordially Dedicated by Their Sincere Friend and Fellow Citizen The Author."

In his preface the author trusts that his friends and fellow citizens of the South will read the book. "Nay," says he, "proud as any Southerner though I am, I entreat, I beg of them to do so." He goes on to hope that the book will be received as offered, in a reasonable and friendly spirit, and that they who read "will reflect upon it as an honest and faithful endeavor to treat a subject of enormous import, without rancor or prejudice, by one who naturally comes within the pale of their own sympathies."

Was the author really so naïve as to believe for a moment that his vitriolic attack on everything the South prided itself in would be received "in a reasonable and friendly spirit"? I incline to think so. Men consumed by one idea get that way. Not for a moment does the genuine fanatic pause to reflect that all men are not like him. The desired goal is there, straight ahead. The clear way is outlined. Nothing remains except to follow his guidance.

II

The Impending Crisis made an immediate noise, throughout the country and in Congress. It created a sensation, so contemporaries have written, far greater than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* produced. The North started buying the book faster than the amazed Burdick Brothers could print it. The South didn't read many books, but the immediate national rumpus started by Helper's work caused Southern merchants to ask their Northern supply houses to include, secretly, a few copies in each shipment of goods. It got around. Southern legislatures met, once the contents of the book became known, often in specially called sessions, to pass special acts forbidding its possession and sale.

The Reverend Daniel Worth, of an old and eminent North Carolina family, was found to have a copy. Neither his cloth nor his family could protect him. He was promptly arrested, tried and found guilty. The entire state was aroused by the trial, and the excitement soon spread everywhere. The Reverend Worth appealed and escaped to the North while on bail. His attorneys had advised him to get out while he could, for they were certain the conviction would be affirmed; and that if it wasn't, North Carolina would not hold him alive, anyway.

In Arkansas, three men were hanged by mobs for owning copies of the book. So far as I can learn no such punitive action was taken because of Mrs. Stowe's novel. And in all or

nearly all of the slave states men were mobbed or beaten for having Helper's book in their homes. It is doubtful that many of those to whom the work was dedicated, the non-slave-owning whites of the South, ever read the book, but the South's social and political leaders did.

The biggest sensation was in Congress. In what may have been either an unguarded or a well-planned moment, Representative John Sherman gave the book his endorsement. This was followed by an uproar second only to that of the earlier Sumner-Brooks affair and was responsible for Sherman's defeat as Speaker of the House in 1859. This event, together with much bitter newspaper comment, plus the hangings, mobbings, arrests and trials in the South, sent the book's sales up wildly. It sold 100,000 copies in its first year, a tremendous number for any book in those days, and in 1859 it was "digested" (it seems they had digests even then), but with the particularly maddening portions of the text left untouched, and put out as a campaign document by the Republican Party. Millions of copies of this booklet were distributed. How many copies of the book, in both forms, were sold is not known, but one anonymous contemporary says that the "volume went through 140 printings."

Just what was it in this book that angered the South as nothing had angered it before, or since? A careful reading of the fat, closely-printed work gives the probable answer. It wasn't the introduction, with its

looking-down-the-nose at Mrs. Stowe: "Yankee wives have written the most popular anti-slavery literature of the day. Against this I have nothing to say; it is well enough for women to give the fictions of slavery; men should give the facts."

Neither could it have been the sixteen pages of solid statistics which the author marshals to support his thesis. These show the comparison between North and South in such matters as exports, imports, manufactures, miles of canals and railroads, patents issued, schools, and so forth, including public libraries, of which the slave states had 595, containing 649,577 volumes, and the free states 14,911, containing 3,888,234 volumes. Nor could it have been his disposing of the old canard, much in favor in the South, that white men could not labor beneath the Southern sun. One doubts, too, that Helper's massing of "Precepts & Sayings of the Old and New Testaments" to prove slavery morally wrong troubled his Southern readers. With the same sources they could prove that slavery was ordained by God.

The text begins to warm up when it gets to cotton. Helper sets out to show that cotton is far from king and that it is steadily losing ground in importance. "The lowly hay is king," says he, "and it is time you came to know it." Cotton raised by slave labor is uneconomic. So is anything else. "Indeed, the unprofitableness of slavery is a monstrous evil, when considered in all its being."

And presently the author gets down

to his really insulting pages, pages studded with blistering invective, with withering strictures on the subject of what passed for civilization in the South. "Slaveholders," he says, "are too lazy and ignorant to write. Southern divines give us elaborate Bible arguments; Southern novelists bore us *ad infinitum* with pictures of the beatitudes of plantation life; Southern verse-wrights drone out their dactyls or grow ventricular with their turgid heroes, all in defense of slavery."

All pap, says the author; pap produced by a region that "is fast sinking into a state of comparative imbecility and obscurity." Garrison never wrote more maddening lines than those; and there are more of them, and worse. Helper discovers a South filled with degenerate oafs, with illiterate "chevaliers of bowie-knives and pistols." The South can never have a literature of its own, or an art, or science, or even manufacture, so long as it supports slavery. "Priest, politician, novelist, bardling" of the slave states, all spend their time "ringing the changes upon 'the Biblical Institution,' and then have their books printed on Northern paper, with Northern types, by Northern artisans, stitched, bound and made ready for the market by Northern industry."

How, says he, in the name of common sense can Southerners fail to see "an overwhelming refutation of their miserable sophisms in behalf of a system against which humanity protests?" This is the only place in the

book where the author mentions humanity. He may have used the word as a sop to Northern Abolitionists, whom Helper considered sentimentalists of the worst sort. His whole book is predicated on the thesis that slavery is economically impossible.

Helper constantly addresses the white non-slaveholders. Their freedom, he says, is only nominal, and their "unparalleled illiteracy and degradation is purposely and fiendishly perpetuated" upon them by the oligarchs, the slaveholders. "How little the poor white trash, the great majority of the Southern people, know of real conditions of the country . . . it is sadly astonishing."

After composing all the insults to the South he can think of, the author gets down to the remedy for slavery. It must be in taxes and boycotts (this word was not then in use) so stringent that they would make slavery immediately impossible. Then, more taxes to be used to transport the Negroes back to Africa and set them up as a nation. Every last Negro, slave or free, must be shipped out of the country, and at once. (Liberia at this time had existed as a colony for more than thirty years, but it had never received anything like popular support.)

With his remedy thus propounded, Helper finally lays down the law and issues a direct challenge:

And now, Sirs, we have thus laid down our ultimatum. What are you going to do about it? Something dreadful, as a matter of course. Perhaps you will dissolve the Union *again*. Do it, if you dare!

He closes the book on an ominous note, soon to echo from the guns at Sumter. Says his last line: "IF . . . the oligarchs do not quietly submit to the will of a constitutional majority of the people, as expressed by the ballot box, the first battle between freedom and slavery will be fought at home — and may God defend the right."

Southern attacks on the book were many and bitter, but none of them appears to have attempted to refute any of Helper's strictures. They simply abused the author as few men have been abused, and he became "the best known and worst hated man in America."

III

After publication of his book, Helper never returned to the South, where countless men had sworn they would shoot him on sight. His later life was anticlimactic, but his whole career should make a wonderful subject for a study in psychology. The one comparatively calm interlude came with his appointment by Lincoln in 1861 as consul at Buenos Aires, where he married Maria Luise Rodriguez. There he had served satisfactorily until his resignation in 1866. Upon his return to the United States, he brought out three books on the Negro question.

The first of these had a particularly revolting title. It was *Nojoque*, a furious attack on and an unbalanced denunciation of the Negro race as a menace to the South and to white

labor everywhere. Helper said flatly in his preface that he wanted "to write the Negro out of America . . . and out of existence."

Helper opposed Reconstruction and detested the idea of Negro equality with whites, ever. In 1868 he wrote *Negroes in Negroland*, a continuation of his theme. His next volume, in 1871, was *Noonday Exigencies*, a plea for a new political party, plus further attacks on the colored people. To the end of his long life he loathed Negroes and would never, if he could help it, stay where they were employed.

Helper made a good deal of money from *The Impending Crisis*. After his return from South America he acted for a time as attorney for Americans who had claims against South American governments. He constantly urged a canal across Panama or Nicaragua, and seems to have been the first to father a Good Neighbor policy toward Latin America. But all this time Helper was preparing for his second great campaign.

His idea was a railroad from Hudson's Bay in Canada to the Straits of Magellan. To this plan he devoted the remainder of his life. His energy was still formidable. He offered \$5,000 (his own money) in prizes for essays on the subject, and in 1881 published five of them as *The Three Americas' Railway*. He wrote thousands of letters, in long hand, about the subject. He memorialized Congress every time it

met, and spent a great deal of time with congressmen. He stumped the United States for his plan, paying his own expenses. He also made several more trips to South America, getting maps, having surveys made, urging South Americans to rouse from their apathy.

At last, in his old age, he became a monomaniac on the subject. He took to referring to himself as "the new Christopher Columbus," and talked endlessly to anyone who would listen or who couldn't get away. He had sacrificed his family and many thousands of dollars to his great plan, which seemed no nearer fruition than when he began. His last years were spent in poverty, and one night in 1909, the embittered old man committed suicide in a Washington flophouse and was buried in a potter's field, by strangers.

I am not sure that Helper's grave was marked. But anyone who takes the trouble to read *The Impending Crisis* will know that Mrs. Stowe was not alone in writing influential books. And Mrs. Stowe's pen, as she so often admitted gracefully and piously, was guided by God. The only aid Helper had with his book was *A Compendium of the United States Census of 1850*, which incidentally and most ironically, was compiled by J. D. B. De Bow, a native of nowhere except Charleston, South Carolina, close by Fort Sumter!



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ANESTHESIA

BY LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG

A CENTURY of constant research has provided the modern doctor with a vast number of reliable methods for bringing swift, safe and certain freedom from pain. Christened "anaesthesia" by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, this centenarian of sciences has come to mean much more than its original definition of "the act of securing insensibility by inhalation." Nowadays, "anesthesia" is the magic word that means Junior can have his tonsillectomy with safety; Grandfather can have his cataract operation without anxiety; Mother can have her children without undue suffering, and GI Joe can be given assurance against needless pain. Besides, many of the great technical advances that have been made in surgery during the past century have stemmed from the less-heralded but equally giant strides made in anesthesia.

Today the anesthesiologist has trustworthy agents at his command that can be administered either by inhalation, injection, or even by mere application to the skin or mucous membranes. Depending on the situation at hand, drugs can be injected hy-

podermically, intravenously, or into the spinal canal. Large areas of the body can be effectively numbed by "blocking" the appropriate nerves with an injection of anesthetic solution.

According to Major Stevens J. Martin, Chief of Anesthesia at the Tilton General Hospital, the army anesthetist is equipped with such common agents as ether, morphine, nitrous oxide and novocaine. But he also has in his armamentarium the lesser known anesthetics such as ethyl chloride, cyclopropane, avertin, vinylene and pontocaine. The physical equipment that he is prepared to handle includes such diverse items as Yankauer masks, laryngoscopes, tracheal tubes, modified suction apparatus and, in some hospitals, oxygen tents and iron lungs. The anesthesiologist today is a well-trained, versatile medical specialist.

It is of some interest, then, to go back a hundred years and trace the development of a few of the pain-relieving agents that have robbed surgery of its earlier terrors. The field of anesthesia has become so broad

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that only its major ramifications can be followed. Let us consider nitrous oxide gas first, since it was the first to arouse the medical world.

Our story begins in Hartford, Connecticut, one day in December 1844. A curious crowd had gathered to witness a demonstration of "laughing gas" given by an itinerant lecturer in chemistry. In the audience was an obscure young dentist, Dr. Horace Wells. Noticing that under the influence of gas one of the subjects was insensitive to pain, Dr. Wells was tremendously impressed by the gas's potential anesthetic qualities. The next day he himself took a few deep inhalations of the vapor and had one of his own molar teeth extracted. Since he felt "no more than the prick of a pin," he tried his great discovery on his patients. Painless dentistry was born!

Unfortunately, in January 1845, an attempted demonstration before the students at Harvard Medical School met with failure and ridicule. The patient yelled; the students hissed. So great was Dr. Wells' disappointment that he became insane and committed suicide.

For twenty years thereafter, nitrous oxide was neglected and forgotten. In the meantime, "sulfuric ether" had appeared on the medical horizon and the keen interest in this anesthetic overshadowed everything else.

Credit for the first use of ether in a surgical operation goes to Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia, whose statue now deservedly stands in the

Hall of Fame. As a young man just starting his practice — and with plenty of time on his hands — he had occasionally indulged in "ether frolics" with his friends. He noticed that those who inhaled the ether seemed to become insensible to pain. So, after further observation, on March 30, 1842 he administered ether to a patient, excised a tumor, and collected a fee of \$2.00. He recorded these facts laconically in his diary and gave no further publicity to the matter. It was not until 1846, four years later, that the attention of the medical profession was really aroused.

About that time, Dr. William T. G. Morton, a successful Boston dentist and a friend of Dr. Horace Wells, learned of the *intoxicating* qualities of ether and discussed its *anesthetic* properties with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a skilled chemist. After some preliminary success in dental extractions, he attempted to obtain permission to use the vapor in a surgical operation. Permission finally came from Dr. J. C. Warren, senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and on Oct. 16, 1846, a tumor of the jaw was removed under light ether anesthesia. The next day another patient had a fatty tumor excised, and before long, ether was used in an amputation of the thigh.

Dr. Morton tried to keep his "discovery" secret; called it "Letheon," and obtained a patent for it in November 1846. But dispute over priority of discovery arose almost at once. Embittered by controversies, Dr.

Morton soon died of apoplexy, and Dr. Jackson became insane. But the development of inhalation anesthesia continued.

Discovery followed discovery in rapid succession. Chloroform made its appearance early in 1847. A young student had become so addicted to the ether bottle that his teacher, John Bell, locked it up. The student then got hold of a bottle of "chloric ether" (chloroform) and found that he became very pleasantly insensible. As a result, he recommended it for study, but by November 10 of that same year, Dr. James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh announced that he had already successfully administered this anesthetic to no less than fifty patients. During the same year, the extremely volatile ethyl chloride, which is especially adapted for minor operations, was first used.

Seventy-six years later, another notable advance was made. On March 11, 1923, Professor Luckhardt of the University of Chicago demonstrated ethylene-oxygen anesthesia upon himself and upon several of his assistants. Three days later it was used on patients. This gas is superior to ether in that it is more pleasant to take and recovery is more rapid, but it has a decided garlic-like odor and extreme explosibility. In 1929 cyclopropane, commonly used in lung surgery, passed its preliminary laboratory and animal tests and was used clinically. Then vinethene, often used in short operations, swelled the growing list of inhalant anesthetics in 1930.

II

During these years, doctors began a search for other pain-killing drugs that could be used *locally* (in contrast to *general* anesthetics). Especially in the surgery of the eye, nose and throat, the genital system and the skin were such drugs needed. Cocaine was the answer to this need, and the story of its discovery and the subsequent development of synthetic derivatives forms a fascinating chapter in the history of medical progress.

From the coca plant, whose leaf prehistoric Peruvians chewed for its anesthetic and stimulating properties, Dr. Niemann, in 1859, isolated a pure alkaloid which he named "cocaine." He reported that the drug had a numbing effect on the tongue when tasted. But no attention was paid to this observation. Two other doctors, in 1874 and in 1878, again called attention to the anesthetic properties of cocaine, and one of them even suggested its possibilities in surgery. But their work, too, aroused little general interest. In fact, a British commission, investigating the drug in 1880, reported that it had no medical value and that it was a poor substitute for other stimulants such as caffeine.

It remained for Dr. Karl Koller, a Bohemian serving as interne in the General Hospital of Vienna, to convince the world of the value of cocaine. Dr. Koller wanted a position as assistant in one of the larger hospitals and he felt certain that if he could discover a suitable local anesthetic,

one of the coveted hospital appointments would be his. He tested many drugs, only to end in failure. Discouraged, he abandoned his search. But several months later, the renowned Dr. Sigmund Freud chanced to ask Dr. Koller to assist him in a study of the physiological action of cocaine. Dr. Koller accepted this invitation and noted in his experiments that cocaine made his tongue numb. What happened thereafter can best be told in his own words:

"When . . . I realized that I had in my possession the local anesthetic for which I had been previously searching, I went at once to Stricker's laboratory, made a solution of cocaine, and instilled a drop in the eye of a frog and afterward a guinea pig. I found the cornea and conjunctiva [of the eye] anesthetic. . . . I repeated these experiments on myself, some colleagues and many patients." Dr. Koller made a preliminary report of his findings on September 15, 1884. The groundwork was laid for the later use of cocaine and its derivatives in local anesthesia, spinal anesthesia and "nerve block."

News of Dr. Koller's experiments with cocaine spread rapidly to all parts of the world. A French surgeon, Dr. Reclus, used cocaine by injection and so perfected the technique that local anesthesia was put on a sound basis. In Berlin, Dr. Schleich further extended and modified the method, devising what he termed "infiltration anesthesia." And, in 1885, the *New York Medical Journal* alone, contained

more than thirty articles and editorials on cocaine.

Among others who experimented with the new drug were two brilliant young surgeons at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, Dr. R. J. Hall and Dr. W. S. Halstead. They made the important discovery that injection of a cocaine solution in the vicinity of a sensory nerve *trunk* conferred anesthesia over the *entire* area supplied by all its branches and nerve fibers. That could mean but one thing. Pain sensations from the skin or other parts of the body could be abolished by "blocking" with cocaine the nervous pathways through which those pain sensations traveled. A relatively small amount of cocaine could thus bring anesthesia to a large body area.

Pursuing such investigations still further, Dr. J. L. Corning of New York made a first successful attempt at spinal anesthesia. In the meantime, doctors had learned from sad experience something about both the toxic and narcotic qualities of cocaine, and it was not until thirteen years later, in 1898, that interest in spinal anesthesia was again revived. This time Dr. August Bier, after preliminary experiments on animals, was so convinced of its surgical possibilities that he had his own spinal canal and that of his associate, Dr. Hildebrand, injected with solutions of cocaine. This willingness of physicians to try out new theories and new drugs on themselves has continually marked the road of discovery and progress in anesthesia.

Search for an anesthetic less toxic than cocaine led to the synthesis of novocaine in 1904. Other synthetic drugs such as stovaine, nupercaine and butyn followed in rapid succession. As a result of the development of these less dangerous drugs, the use of spinal anesthesia became more prevalent. As early as 1910, spinal anesthesia had been employed in well over 1200 surgical cases. The millions of persons who since then have had safe surgery under spinal anesthesia can thank Dr. August Bier for having had his own spine injected.

At present the injection of anesthetic drugs has so many uses in surgery and medicine that it is impossible to name them all. Within the past two years novocaine and its chemical brothers have been injected into the *caudal* canal to produce continuous caudal anesthesia. The result — painless childbirth, about which so much has already been written.

III

According to Dr. E. A. Rovenstine, Chief of Anesthesia at the Bellevue Hospital, "nerve blocks" of various types can often provide pain relief for patients suffering from neuralgia, sciatica, angina pectoris and thrombophlebitis (an inflammatory disorder of the veins). And in asthma and in the relief of pain from inoperable cancer, injection of anesthetics plays a valuable though more limited rôle. Used promptly in bad sprains, novocaine enables the athlete or the soldier

to continue in the performance of his task, and long periods of disability become unnecessary. Almost daily the list of diagnostic and therapeutic indications for injection anesthesia grows longer.

During the past two decades, the *barbital* compounds, injected intravenously, have come to be used more and more frequently as general anesthetics. Since they are quick-acting and non-explosive, they have found a special field of usefulness in war surgery. Evipal and pentothal sodium, discovered only ten short years ago, are regarded by authorities at present as "the intravenous anesthetics of choice." How truly valuable they are is best expressed in the following letter written by an army doctor from New Guinea:

"In about 500 operations that I saw performed practically in the front lines, pentothal sodium was used almost routinely. These boys come in tired out, dirty, and already heavily narcotized at the aid stations. All of them are frightened, and most of them are in more or less shock. We use plasma by the gallon. Pentothal served 95 per cent of all purposes. . . . Pentothal is easy to carry, easy to prepare, not bulky, and almost fool-proof in any operation requiring up to forty-five minutes to one hour. . . . No after-effects and quick recovery so that evacuation is not interfered with are important points in this work."

Anesthesia by refrigeration (cryoanesthesia) is another development

that is proving of great value in the treatment of war-wounded. Introduced by Dr. Frederick M. Allen of New York in 1939, it was first used for amputations in older patients, especially in instances where gangrene had set in. The technique of anesthesia is relatively simple. A tourniquet is applied and the limb is packed in chipped ice. The skin temperature drops to 37° F., or less, and surgical anesthesia is complete in about two hours.

According to a recent editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "refrigeration offers advantages for nearly all cases of severe wounds of the extremities." The reasons for this statement are many. Refrigeration slows down the local metabolism of the tissues, cuts down the risk of overwhelming infection and reduces the incidence of dreaded surgical shock. With refrigeration, a tourniquet can be left safely in place

for a longer period of time, and consequently there is less blood loss. Other recent uses of refrigeration anesthesia have been in plastic surgery, frost-bite, and "immersion-foot."

The modern anesthesiologist has a century of medical wisdom as his background: His choice of anesthetic agents and methods is wider than ever before, his experience broader. The debt that surgery owes to anesthesia is universally recognized and acknowledged. The conservative *New England Journal of Medicine* commented editorially on this fact a few months ago: "The scientific advances in anesthesia in the last decade have been truly spectacular, and largely because of them, surgeons have been able to operate successfully in many regions of the body previously inaccessible." Even more important, anesthesia is well on its way toward giving to mankind actual freedom from pain.



WE need emphasis on the obvious rather than elucidation of the obscure.
— MR. JUSTICE OLIVER W. HOLMES

THE LIBRARY

Russell Davenport's "My Country"

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE Era of Self-Denunciation in America is over, and we are now in the early stages of a period of mounting Self-Respect. They who in the twenties and early thirties sneered at the Declaration of Independence as a sham and who held up to ridicule the song, *America the Beautiful*, have gone out of fashion. It has become indecent to shout, Down with Ourselves. Most everybody knows now that the sentiment in the line, "And crown thy good with brotherhood," is filled with such holiness of purpose as to add to the stature of every one of us — and to add to this nation a splendor that is unique in history.

Something has happened in these forty-eight States the past few years. It is evident everywhere — in the press, on the radio, on the lecture platform, in parlor discussions, in the easy gabble of bar-rooms. We have become proud of our heritage, truly, fully proud, and in our pride we have made a silent affirmation to continue that heritage, to build upon it, to be true to its eternal truths. This accounts for the amazing unity of this country at present — a unity even greater than the one which bound us

in 1917-1918. The unity has deep spiritual roots. It transcends the instinct of self-preservation, of mere nationalism, of all party affiliations. It is religious in the profoundest sense.

What has happened is so momentous that it cannot adequately be expressed in prose. The times plainly call for another Walt Whitman — a man of deep insight and of such huge tenderness that he can sense the fulfillment of divine destiny in the echo of the distant march of columns of armed men. Another Walt Whitman has not yet arisen. But two men have raised their voices in a manner that Old Walt would have understood and admired — the late Stephen Vincent Benét, whose posthumous *Western Star* was the able beginning of something that probably would have been of enduring size, and Russell W. Davenport.¹

Mr. Davenport is not new to poetry, professionally or spiritually. He wrote poems in his early years, but later devoted the greater part of his time to more "practical" things, like being the managing editor of *Fortune*

¹ *My Country*, by Russell W. Davenport. \$1.50. Simon and Schuster

and chief editorial writer of *Life* — and the chief associate of the late Wendell Willkie. It is plain now that poetic feeling never ceased motivating Mr. Davenport, even when he presided over a busy office high up above the smooth hard sidewalks of Radio City. It is even plainer that when he joined his fortunes with those of Mr. Willkie he was moved not only by political considerations but also by a realization that these are the times of grave decision in the unfolding of the American spirit.

II

His book recalls many of the Revolutionary ballads. It has the same sweep, positive affirmations, sonorous ring and moving conviction. It burns with hatred for intolerance and bristles with bitterness at our former isolationism:

Where was America, in the name of God,
When all the broken-hearted world was
waiting

For us to act? We could have risen
then: . . .

We were neutral! . . .

Neutral with the light on our faces

Of bonfires burning up our destiny: . . .

Denunciation, however, occupies only one-fourth of Mr. Davenport's poem, which is written, roughly, in sonata form. The other three parts are largely hymns to the American Purpose. Occasionally these hymns are too loud to be true hymns; at other times they are mere heavy-footed prose recitatives; and at still other times they don't add up to any

intelligible meaning or give forth a melody, as for example, this passage:

Unknown and relative to the
Unknown and relative to the
Related and still relative
To the unrelated, the presumed . . .
(Oh, where is the presumed?)

Oh, where is

The uncreated place?)

Where is God?

Such lines, true enough, are in the tradition of some of the better advertised professional poets who seem to think that nonsense and profundity are synonymous. But Mr. Davenport is so honest a man and has so much to say that he should not have been attracted by such verbal trickeries. Happily, he isn't attracted too often. More happily, he can sing with considerable loveliness and there is a goodly measure of pity in him. Part III, wherein a dead soldier's sister, teacher and buddy pay tribute to his memory is poetry of a high order.

While Mr. Davenport in the main keeps away from the emotional immensities of solitude and the night, he is adept in the use of soft oboe words and of a muted orchestra of words. He reaches his noblest heights when he sings the riches of his native soil, the greatness of the American Dream, the tremendous magnificence of Freedom, American Freedom, World Freedom — all of them essentially one. This is Mr. Davenport's central theme; he returns to it time and again.

All tongues and races are American,
All nations are embodied in her job,
To breed the noble concept of a man

Whose freedom is, that others should be free —

Mr. Davenport looks into the future:

My country will be generous to the bold;
To those who do not fear the dangerous thrust

Of progress toward the far and unforecast,
But know that like a promise freedom must
Lie forward of the darkness, not behind,
And know the Brother in their hearts, and trust

This light at last to liberate mankind.

Democratic freedom cannot be a purely nationalist thing; it is by its very nature universal:

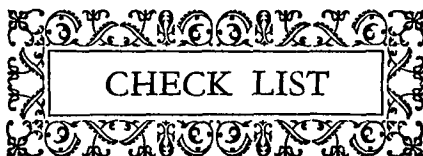
To face the axiom of democracy:
Freedom is not to limit, but to share;
And freedom here is freedom everywhere.

III

This concept of democratic freedom is not new with Mr. Davenport. The Founding Fathers made it one of the foundation stones of our national edifice. "My country is the world," said Thomas Paine, who realized that a democracy that hoarded its ideals within its own borders quickly turned into its own worst enemy. More than a hundred years later, Woodrow Wilson pointed out that "Our greatness is built upon our freedom," and no one did more to try to spread that freedom everywhere.

We now realize, probably more than ever before, how truly both men spoke. Mr. Davenport's moving and deeply-felt book is additional proof that perhaps America has at last caught up with its own spiritual glories. This may be the most signifi-

cant fact of contemporary American culture. It marks the beginning of a new epoch in our annals — when the principles of the Four Freedoms will finally replace the concepts of Manifest Destiny, the Big Stick, Normalcy and all the other fabrications of petty minds.



(Continued from page 4)

CHINA TAKES HER PLACE, by Carl Crow. \$2.75. *Harper*. A brilliant addition to the series of works through which this American has turned the searchlight of understanding on a country he knows inside out, loves and has faith in. For any one with an interest in China beyond what ideological admirers of the Yen-an and Chungking régimes have to say, this is required reading.

LIFE AND CULTURE OF POLAND, by Wacław Lednicki. \$3.50. *Roy*. Dr. Lednicki, who has taught Russian and Polish literature in many European universities and also in American universities — among them, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, Wisconsin, California — here discusses various phases of Polish history and culture "as reflected in Polish literature." His thesis is that the political health of Poland is an index of the political health of Europe, and he insists — sometimes even shouting it — that Poland must regain her independence, "because Poland is a principle, a part, a fragment of a system of principles for which this war is being waged." The book was originally delivered as a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston.

ARGENTINE RIDDLE, by Felix J. Weil. \$3.50. *John Day*. As director of the Latin American Economic Institute — and a native of Argentina, a businessman and a journalist to boot —

(Continued on page 125)

THE OPEN FORUM

"HOW TO CIVILIZE GERMANY"

SIR: On behalf of several friends I am writing to express our appreciation of that splendid article in your November issue, "How to Civilize Germany," by Emery Reves, whose ideas on the subject are so clearly defined and expressed.

Myriads of words are being spoken and written on this perplexing question of what to do with the black spectre, Germany. They go round and round and come out nowhere. Mr. Reves' proposals have common sense and sound logic. He does not indulge in fanciful, illusory notions, but comes down to earth offering something practicable and effective. When one gets down to basic thinking, the aim of the Allied Nations is ultimately to make Germany a fit member of the family of nations after the necessary period of correction and re-education. They want to cure her, not kill her. Permanent de-industrialization, dismemberment geographically, or annihilation of a whole nation of people—even the hateful German people—does not offer a solution to the problem for many reasons.

There is great wisdom in Mr. Reves' idea that for psychological reasons the Nazi leaders themselves should be made the instruments in applying the punitive measures to the German people, who must not be left with any illusions about their Nazi gods or the accomplishments of the New Order for the German Nation. The Nazi leaders must be stripped of every shred or semblance of glory, and must be shown up for the ignominious degrading, diabolical and ruinous monsters they are, not only for the havoc and disaster they brought to peoples throughout the world, but for the suffering wrought on the German people themselves. The German people must be taught that the Nazi leaders and the New Order have dragged them along the path of ruin and cast them into the pit of shame, defeat, destruction. This lesson the Germans must learn thoroughly. It must sink deeply and irrevocably into their consciousness. The Nazi rulers have sown the wind and they must reap the whirlwind.

G. PAWLBY

New York City

THE WACS AND WAVES

SIR: It is only natural in a country such as ours that the issue of the Women's Army Corps should be supported and defended as energetically as Ruth E. Peters ridicules it in the September issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

"Obviously, America doesn't want me or any other woman to be a soldier." That is, indeed, a broad statement, and its factual basis could be honestly and sincerely questioned. Possibly General George C. Marshall had some hidden, ambiguous motive when he said, "The Women's Army Corps is an integral part of the Army of the United States, and its members, who are soldiers in every sense of the word, perform a full military part in this war. In view of the urgency of the present world situation, enlistments of women in the military service should take precedence, in my opinion, over any responsibility, except imperative family obligations. . . ." Mr. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, also must certainly be interpreted to mean that he doesn't want women to be soldiers when he said, "We need women because they already have the skills we are looking for. . . ." And of course there is no doubt whatsoever that General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, was lying like a rug when he said: "We need the help of the women."

It is admitted here that the average GI Joe will instinctively and probably sincerely advise his sister, his girl friend, his wife and, where the case warrants it, his mother, against joining up. And this writer, after three and one-half years in the Army, readily agrees with his "Brother Joes." Few men can help but feel that, come hell or high water, we will protect and shield our women without their having to participate in the conflict.

However, war has ceased to differentiate between man and woman. "Total war," has for the first time, included in its fiendish horror women-victims as ruthlessly as men. Hence, the infinite scope of this present conflict stubbornly and persistently calls for every able pair of hands, every working brain.

S/SGT. DONALD H. BURCKHALTER, A.A.F.

SIR: I am very much interested in the article on the WACS, and am fully in sympathy with the author's statements. Two years ago, when the WAVES was first organized, I sent in an application blank. I wrote on it, "In all honesty, I must state I am very nearsighted and cannot see a thing without my glasses." In reply, I received a printed form saying I was not eligible.

The WAVES are not sent overseas. As I understand it, their work is replacing men in routine office jobs that can easily be done by women. I am possessed of good health and could do a good deal for my country, but what really mattered was the fact I cannot see without my glasses.

Last winter the Navy needed women editors and writers. A free-lance copy editor, a woman who is well established, applied. For three days she was put through the physical tests. Then they tested her eyesight. To get into the Navy you have to see twelve feet without your glasses. This woman can see ten feet. She was rejected. Valuable time was wasted; a good editor was lost. If they have to have this rule why not test the eyesight first?

It adds up to a pretty silly situation — that the government is spending your money and mine to put stenographers and typists into uniform, when they could have been secured anyway, with less trouble and expense, merely by hiring them.

THELMA O. HORTON

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST BOOK

SIR: Julian Lee Rayford's excellent essay on the Jumping Frog Jubilee in the November issue doesn't go far enough in placing credit where credit is due.

The man responsible for putting the Jumping Frog between book covers was Charles Henry Webb, who is a good story in himself.

An upstate New Yorker, he was supporting himself writing humorous pieces for the newspapers at seventeen, when wanderlust sent him off on a three-and-a-half year voyage on a whaler. On his return, he followed his emigrant family westward to Illinois.

His satiric contributions to Chicago newspapers attracted the attention of the editor of the New York Times (the old Times, obviously) and he was hired to write one of the first New York columns — the forerunner of F.P.A., McIntyre, Winchell.

But wanderlust sent him off again, and in California he established the *Californian*, one of the

most important magazines ever published in this country, for it fostered an American school of humor, and "discovered" Twain and Harte.

Book publishers in Boston and Philadelphia, whose idea of humor coincided with *Punch's*, had rejected all of Twain's work and the Missourian was unknown in the East and abroad until Webb compiled and edited Twain articles and letters into a book which a publisher was induced to accept on the strength of Webb's reputation. This was the first book to bear Twain's name, the now historic *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*.

When this appeared, Webb had returned to New York with money made in California gold speculation, and set himself up as a banker and broker in Wall Street. Webb was not happy among the money-changers and was soon again devoting himself to writing, as a contributor to the New York *Tribune* and other publications.

He may also have fostered Twain's interest in mechanics and patents, for Webb was a mechanical hobbyist who produced a cartridge-loading machine which the Remington Arms Company bought; and his adding machine, the first to use a ribbon, was recognized by the Patent Office as the fundamental invention in the field.

CLARK KINNAIRD

Flemington, N. J.

CADDIS-FLY

SIR: Until lately it has been a taken-for-granted truth in the textbook and the biology lecture-room that the mouths of the insects called caddisflies are undeveloped and that adult caddisflies take no food. This arresting piece of nature-information was duly incorporated in my essay on caddisflies in your October issue.

Dr. Herbert H. Ross, a taxonomist specializing in this group of insects, has kindly sent me a letter to say that the venerable "fact" is no longer to be regarded as a fact. Caddisflies, Dr. Ross authoritatively says, feed themselves quite competently on nectar and other substances in solution, and usually contrive to sustain themselves for a life of at least a month. Incidentally, Dr. Ross also observes that when adult caddisflies emerge from their pupal cases, they commonly require less time for adjustment to their new life than I had indicated. As he puts it, "Most of them streak like a shot."

ALAN DEVOE

Hillsdale, N. Y.

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 122)

Dr. Weil has had extensive opportunity to cast a penetrating eye beneath the surface of "day-to-day occurrences." He has "unriddled the riddle" of his country's socio-economic structure and its hitherto baffling politics. The key to the riddle is industrialization: Argentina is at the crossroads, with a "battle royal" raging between the new industrialization and the old vested agrarian interests. This last-ditch stand of the landed gentry — the *estancieros* for whom industrial progress spells doom and inevitable democracy — explains much of Argentina's equivocal foreign policy toward certain apprehensive sister-republics; toward the United States, feared as "the cat presiding over a meeting of the mice"; toward Germany, whose victory many influential Argentines have openly desired. There are extensive appendices of scholarly detail, but an index is sadly lacking.

FICTION

IMMORTAL WIFE, by Irving Stone. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* Jessie Benton Fremont, daughter of a senator and wife of a soldier-explorer, was one of the most active and intelligent women of nineteenth-century America. But throughout her career and through amazing reverses of fortune — from wealth to poverty, from national acclaim to public disfavor — Jessie's will was bent toward creating an indestructible marriage, something even stronger than the great love which brought it about. Irving Stone's vivid biographical novel is a glowing tribute to her success.

BORROWED NIGHT, by Oscar Ray. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran.* Conrad, an Alsatian soldier, unwillingly fighting in the Nazi Army, tries to escape by pretending to suffer from a traumatic neurosis. He is sent to army hospitals for observation with other malingerers, all of them suspects and facing the death penalty if they are found out. This is a fast-moving adventure story on

(Continued on page 126)



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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 125)

several levels — there is not only the purely physical matter of escape and pursuit, there is also Conrad's weakening mental state, until his pretended neurosis is carried to the point where he fears the actual loss of his sanity.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET, by Elizabeth Goudge. \$3.00. *Coward-McCann*. This long novel is a decided improvement on Elizabeth Goudge's customarily saccharine, mystical romances. The action takes place in the lovely little town of St. Pierre on one of the Channel islands and in New Zealand — in the 1850's a pioneer country of warring Maoris, missionaries, adventurers and outcasts. Two sisters, Marianne and Marguerite, love the good-natured but slow-witted William. After ten years of dreaming and planning for the woman he loves, he confuses the names of the sisters and summons the wrong one to join him in New Zealand. Around this incredible slip of the pen, the plot is woven. Fortunately, the writing and character portrayal are better than the plot. The book won the M G M \$125,000 award.

WINTER CHERRY, by Keith West. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Even charitable American readers may find it difficult to believe that *Winter Cherry* was a selection of the Book Club in England. Purporting to be a novel about ancient China, with unreal characters speaking a modernized version of formal classic Chinese, the only clear picture of Eighth Century China is of an uninteresting place liberally supplied with sages.

THEY DREAM OF HOME, by Niven Busch. \$2.75. *Appleton-Century*. Five marines discharged from combat in the Pacific try to readjust themselves to civilian life. Their story centers around the youngest of the group, a boy trained to kill or to die, but not to live. Mr. Busch has probed the smallest details of their daily lives and has produced a novel of remarkable strength. It is told neither with sentimentality nor special pleading, but simply with earnestness and sympathy.



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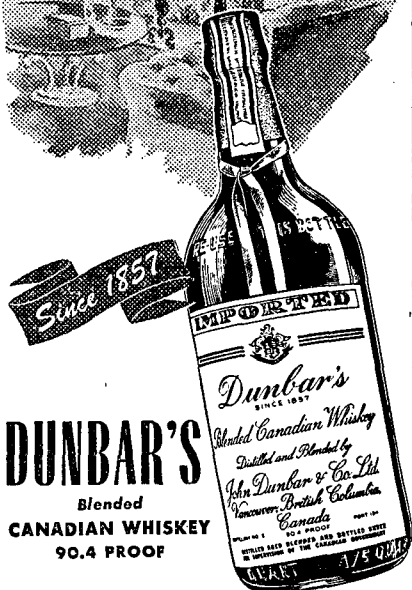
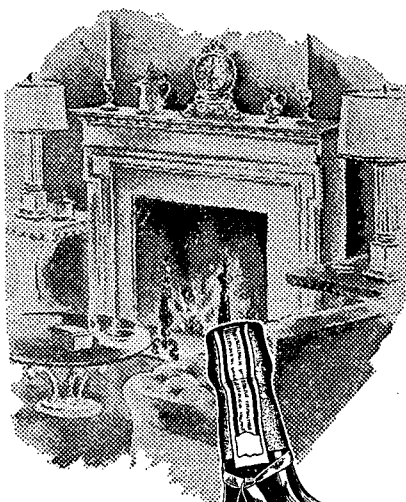
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SAVE ALL WASTE PAPER

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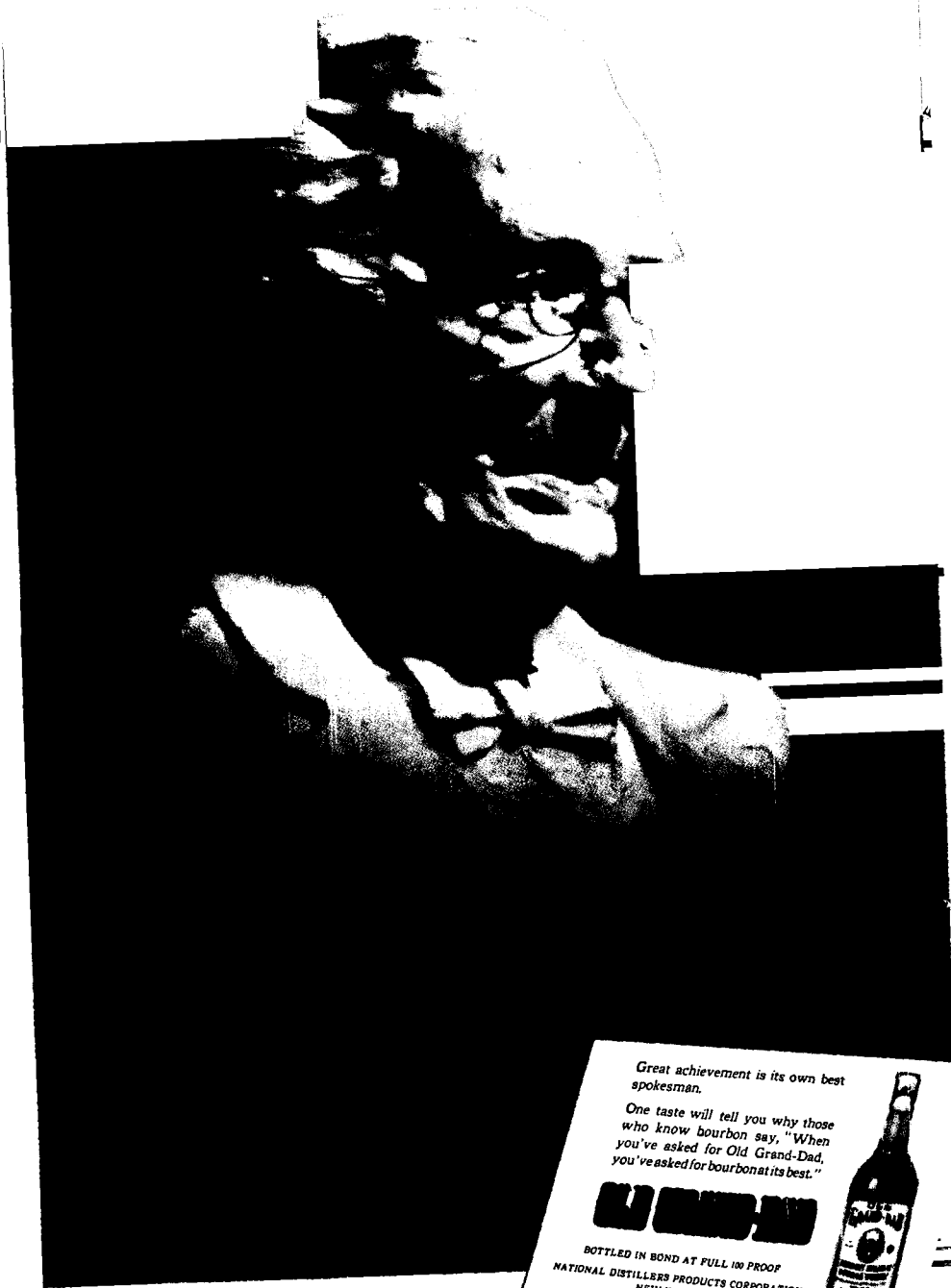
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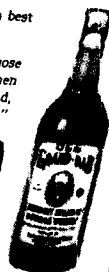


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